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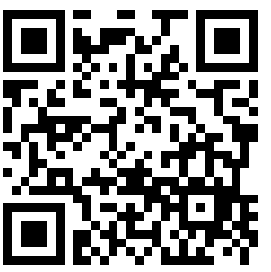

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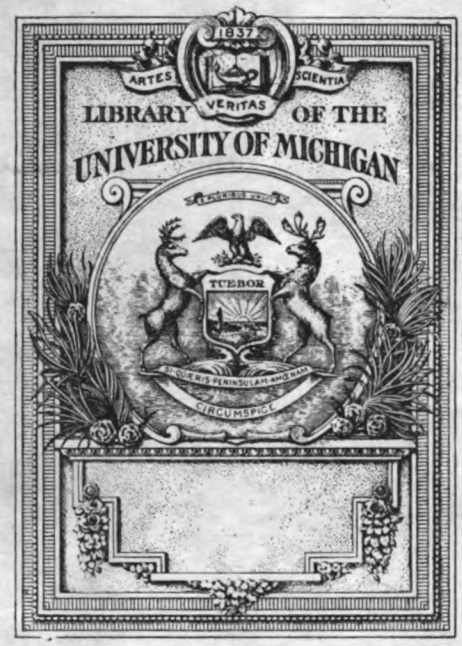

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MISCELLANEOUS. No. 3 (1918).

REPORT

ON THE

TRANSPORT OF BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR TO GERMANY.

AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1914.

Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty.
February 1918.

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Report on the Transport of British Prisoners of War to Germany, August–December, 1914.

THIS report is based on the statements of forty-eight British officers and seventy-seven N.C.O.'s and men, captured at different times between the outbreak of war and the end of 1914. Their statements, in so far as they relate to the matter of the report, are quoted at length in the Appendices. They consist of a series of extracts describing the railway transport of these prisoners from various towns in Belgium and Northern France to the prison camps in Germany where they were interned. These journeys always took place some days, and even weeks, after the various dates of capture; and when all possible allowance has been made for the difficulty of ensuring proper transport and accommodation for the prisoners, many of them very severely wounded, the most and worst of their sufferings are still entirely unaccounted for. The Committee have been careful to include certain evidence that some of the Germans (chiefly of the humbler sort), responsible for the care of the British prisoners, were ashamed of the proceedings they were compelled to witness. These exceptions force into all the greater relief a remarkable record of organised cruelty.

During the first three months of the war there was no question, for wounded prisoners, of travelling on trains in any way equipped for their treatment. This may have been inevitable, but there was no excuse for the all but invariable rule that the British wounded should be left on the journey without any medical attention whatever. Throughout the period under consideration there is hardly a single mention of any English prisoner, however severely wounded, receiving medical care from the enemy during journeys which habitually lasted for several days. A number of English officers of the R.A.M.C. were captured in the first weeks of the war, and it might be supposed, if German doctors were lacking, that these officers would be given the charge of their own wounded on the journey. Sometimes they were told that this would be the case. At Cambrai, for example, on the 3rd September, 1914, two medical officers were informed that they were placed in charge of a trainful of wounded which was about to leave for Germany. During this journey, which lasted for five days, these officers were *twice* allowed to leave the third-class compartment in which they were confined, for the purpose of examining some particularly bad case in another part of the train. This was the entire use made of their services, and otherwise the wounded were left altogether without attention. At Cambrai again, on the 15th September, a similar trainful included five English medical officers. One of them describes how he too was twice allowed out of his compartment, though the train stopped frequently during the five days' journey, in order to visit a wounded prisoner in one of the cattle trucks in which the men were crowded. On the platform, as he passed down the train, this officer was only saved from attack at the hands of a hostile crowd of onlookers by a well-disposed woman who happened to speak English. It very rarely happened that these officers had been able to retain any portion of their medical stores. Where they had managed to do so the cases were broken open and rifled.

The condition of the wounded under these circumstances was in very many cases such as can hardly be described. The general rule seems to have been that officers should travel in third- or fourth-class compartments and the men in closed cattle trucks. As a matter of fact, it constantly happened that officers and men alike were shut into trucks for the inevitably slow and lengthy journey. The use of these trucks for the transport of unwounded men is, of course, familiar in every country. But the use of them, uncleansed and manurious, for men severely wounded, so overcrowded that fifty or sixty men would be placed in a single truck, with the doors closed and any sort of alleviation absolutely denied—this is a different matter, and it is possible to gather from the descriptions given an idea of the terrible suffering it meant for the prisoners. It was a frequent experience, and for the men even a usual one. The most elementary requirements of decency and cleanliness were regularly

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refused. Not only were the prisoners thrown into trucks, often inches deep in animal manure, but for days and nights at a time they were forbidden to leave them for any purpose.

Care was taken to make the conditions specially degrading for the English. Where French and English prisoners were conveyed by the same train, the French would be better accommodated and allowed privileges in the matter of obtaining food at stations. The persistent attempts of the French on such occasions to supply the English prisoners were invariably frustrated. If there were negro troops on the train the same method was employed. A medical officer describes his journey in a goods van with some negroes and some British wounded. Food was refused to the English, but the negroes gave them some of theirs when they were unobserved. On another occasion three Englishmen—among them an officer—and six Senegalese were shut into a third-class carriage for sixteen hours. Food was given to the Senegalese, who were told they might give some to the English swine if they liked. The English found friendly and humane companions in these fellow-prisoners, and the German calculations were in this case defeated.

Besides the miseries of filth, of suffocation, of overcrowding, of untended and putrescent wounds, the prisoners endured prolonged and quite needless torment through hunger and thirst. On one journey, which lasted for three days, four officers and twenty-eight men were given three loaves of black bread to divide between them. This had to last the entire journey, and during these three days they had nothing whatever to drink, not even water, until on the last day they were given a cup of coffee apiece. On another occasion a carriageful of prisoners were given one small jug of soup among them all and a small cube of raw bacon apiece to last for forty-eight hours. Again, on a journey lasting three days and nights, sixty men in a cattle truck were left for thirty-six hours without anything at all; then the door was opened and a few pieces of bread were thrown to them like dogs. They begged for water, and it was only after twelve hours that a bucket was placed in the truck. Instances of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied: they were so common as to be the general rule, and many more will be found described in the Appendices. The behaviour of the German Red Cross, dealt with below, shows conclusively that these privations were deliberately inflicted, and were due to no difficulty in providing the prisoners with food and drink.

Moreover, the physical sufferings of the British were everywhere aggravated by incessant moral brutality. At all stages of the journey the prisoners were displayed as an exhibition to the crowd. On the 31st August, for example, a party of British officers, wounded and unwounded, were kept standing for two hours outside the station at Cambrai, exposed to a disorderly crowd of soldiers and transport drivers, who threatened, insulted, and spat at them. The escort in charge of the prisoners made no attempt to protect them, their officer had disappeared, and other passing officers, when appealed to, merely laughed. A large party of prisoners had the same experience in the station yard at Mons on the 1st September throughout the day. On all journeys without exception, whenever the train stopped—and halts were always long and frequent—a dense and highly hostile crowd was found on the platform, who surged round the carriages and trucks containing prisoners, threatening them with knives and revolvers and insulting them with the grossest forms of abuse. German officers often took an active part on these occasions. One scene in particular, at Aachen on the 2nd September, is described by several witnesses. Here a mob of drunken Uhlans and railway employees was deliberately incited against the prisoners by a German colonel. Their behaviour became so threatening that the train was saved from being rushed by the crowd only by being moved out of the station. If there happened to be among the prisoners a Highlander in a kilt, this curiosity would be exhibited in the doorway of the truck. Well-dressed women were constantly prominent in these scenes, and often at wayside stations rows of school children would be found drawn up, chanting choruses of abuse. At the journey's end the prisoners would have the same experience as they were marched from the station to their camp. At Torgau, for example, a party of thirty officers, arriving in the evening after a three days' journey, were marched through the town with a thin guard of old Landsturm troops, and had great difficulty in getting through the immense spitting, threatening crowds, mostly well-dressed people of the middle-classes, which thronged the streets. At one large house several ladies in evening dress stood at an open window shouting and shaking their fists. One of these officers describes how, as they left the train at Torgau Station, a woman leant from the window of a first-class compartment and spat in his face.

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But all things considered, it was the behaviour of the German Red Cross that was the most revolting. At every station there would be found an elaborate installation of food and drink and materials for medical aid, presided over by women wearing the Red Cross. Consistently they refused anything whatever to the English, however desperate their needs.[1] When asked by a wounded officer for a glass of water one of these ladies burst out laughing, and said: "Nothing for you English." They would show food to the starving prisoners and then remove it, calling the attention of the crowd and observing that it was "not for swine." They would bring water and soup in cans and pour it out on the platform in front of the Englishmen. The women seemed to be even worse in this respect than the men. They were extraordinarily venomous in preventing anything from reaching the prisoners, and their general display of spite, their heartless cruelty, their profusion of gross insult were barbarous beyond all words. One officer tells how a woman of the Red Cross brought him a glass of water, spitting in it first. Very occasionally it would happen that a German officer would order one of these women to bring something for the prisoners, which she would do most unwillingly, and even with *averted* face. For the French prisoners they would do more, but they absolutely discriminated against the English. Once, at Coblenz, a Red Cross woman handed a British officer a sandwich, deceived by the red trousers, given him at a French hospital, which he happened to be wearing. She soon discovered her mistake, and was careful to warn her companions. This persistent degradation of the Red Cross, universal emblem of charity in warfare, caused the deepest possible impression on the British prisoners, both officers and men, at that time.

In this long record of cruelty towards suffering and defenceless men one kind of incident stands out, not uncommonly, as an exception to the rule. The German soldiers who travelled in charge of the prisoners would often do what they could for them (which was very little) when they could be sure of doing so unobserved by their superiors or by the crowd. On many of the journeys the English would have got nothing at all if it had not been that sometimes, between stations, these Germans gave them a little of their own food when there was no chance of their being seen by the ladies of the Red Cross. They would smuggle in food, saying it was for themselves, and begging the prisoners not to betray them if any German officer should ask whether food had been given to the English. If the ruse was detected it was certain to be frustrated. It is on record that they were sometimes evidently ashamed of the behaviour of their own officers, and would even apologise to the English for it. It is, moreover, a satisfaction to hear of the more courageous German non-commissioned officer who, at one station where the Red Cross nurses had given their usual exhibition, dashed out of the train, seized one of the women by the arm, and with abusive language ordered her to bring food for the prisoners.

Towards the end of the year 1914 we hear of one officer accommodated for the journey in a hospital train. This showed the beginning of an improvement, though it was one which spread very slowly. It was not till the later months of 1915 that it became a general rule for wounded English prisoners to receive medical care on the journey to Germany.

Government Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War.

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[1] It is *once* recorded that "the Red Cross behaved very decently" and "did their best" (Appendix B, 68). In view of the evidence there can be little doubt that the reference is to the German Army Medical Service on this occasion, not to the Red Cross Society.

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APPENDIX (A).

OFFICERS.

(1.)

Captain E. M. Middleton, R.A.M.C.

Hal—Hanover, August 28-30, 1914.

Arriving at Hal next day, we found the place packed with German troops, and we were put into a brewery yard for about six hours until we went to the station to be entrained. There were no arrangements, and a certain amount of go-as-you-please in finding carriages. I found myself in a second-class with two German officers, one of whom was wounded, and their two orderlies. The wounded officer spoke a certain amount of English, as also did one of the orderlies, whose knowledge of the language was excellent. I was treated with great kindness by them all. They brought food and wine and shared them all with me, and we talked together quite amicably.

One rather interesting incident occurred when the English-speaking orderly produced one of our men's regulation clasp-knives and asked what the spike in it was for. I told them a variety of its uses, and finally added that in the mounted branches it was for picking out stones from the horse's feet. They all looked at each other as if to say, "Well, we have been told the truth about it at last." I did not realise the significance of their enquiries until later, when I found that the universal German opinion was that these knives were weapons of offence, and that the spike was used for picking out the eyes of their wounded. It was a long time before we were allowed to forget it, and it is needless to say that this general belief did not lessen the warmth of hatred with which we were received.

We crawled through Belgium all night, and crossed the German frontier at 1.30 P.M. on the 29th. During the morning, we arrived at Cologne, where the Germans got out and we changed our escort, much to our regret. Five officers came into the carriage from a third-class where ten of them had travelled for the last thirty hours without food or drink. The Germans had left me some bread and a tin of jam, which were most useful and acceptable. The new officer in charge of the train was the other and more plentiful type, the loud-voiced bully and cad. We, in our ignorance, came to the conclusion that he must be either half drunk or not quite sane. After constantly meeting the type for a number of months we know now that he was neither of these things, only German. Our first introduction to him was when he arrived at the window and screamed a number of unintelligible sentences at us. The only word we could recognise was "Schweinhund"—a particularly offensive German epithet—which recurred frequently. We gathered the rest of his remarks were not intended as compliments.

We had a ghastly day and night of it. Stopping at every station, the platforms being packed with soldiers and civilians who shouted and shook their fists at us, and every now and then an English word would be hurled at us, such as "cowards." At one station, a German officer who was standing in the crowd said something to the sentry in the carriage, who was sitting opposite to one of our officers, who was wearing an eye-glass. The sentry thereupon leaned across, snatched the glass from his eye and handed it to the German, who threw it on the ground and ground his heel into it. We got no food or drink until just before dawn next day, when we pulled up at a station and everybody was hustled out of the trucks and carriages, the train commandant never ceasing to scream. About 100 yards away there were some open sheds with benches and tables where everyone got a bowl of exceedingly bitter coffee—prisoner's coffee, made out of either ground acorns or maize—a couple of little sausages, and a slice of bread. After a few minutes we were hustled out and back to the trains pursued by the yells of the commandant and blows in the back from rifle butts. We reached Hanover at 11 in the morning.

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(2.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Neish, Gordon Highlanders.

Mons—Sennelager, August 30-September 2 (about), 1914.

At Mons we spent the night in the booking-office of the goods yard, and there we had the first sample of German incivility. There was no attempt at sanitation or washing arrangement, and German private soldiers came in and out of room at will, and incidentally one stole my cap and silver badge when my back was turned. On marching out of the station yard next morning (probably the 30th August, 1914) we met a mounted officer, who cursed us, and his orderly turned in his saddle and struck an officer in his section of fours with the butt end of his lance.

About the 1st September we entrained at Halle (Belgium) about 9 P.M., the officers in second-class carriages, the men in trucks (closed), and fortunately had some bread and jam we had been allowed to purchase. Passed through Louvain early next morning and saw the destruction of property in vicinity of the station, which was in an indescribable state of filth. At Cologne I saw a female with a Red Cross badge on her, after serving our escort (a new escort, I forget regiment) with coffee, deliberately pour remaining contents of the can on the ground when requested to allow us to have some. During the journey to Sennelager—some 48 hours—we were given one meal (soup).

(3.)

Lieutenant Le Grand, Intelligence Corps.

Cambrai—Torgau, August 31-September 3, 1914.

We were marched to Cambrai on the 31st and entrained there.

The German soldiers (chiefly transport drivers) were very insulting and frequently spat at us.

A German officer came up to us and warned us not to laugh, even amongst ourselves, and to take no notice of the German soldiers as he was afraid they might attack us.

We were entrained, some in second and some in third-class carriages, the men in cattle trucks.

My compartment contained two more than there was proper sitting accommodation for.

We were kept for 36 hours without food or water, though the train stopped at every station *en route*. At many of the stations we were received with hostility by the station attendants and the Red Cross.

We were shown Eley's sporting .303 dum-dum bullets, which the Germans alleged had been found on English soldiers.

Two German soldiers who were put in our carriage after about 36 hours' travel gave us their own food and drink, and did all they could at the stations to get things for us.

After 48 hours in the train we were allowed to get out at Sennelager and have a meal at some wooden huts.

On the way back to the train, after feeding, the German officer in charge, for no apparent reason, drew his sword and started shouting loudly, whereupon the guard assisted us back into the carriages with their bayonets and the butt-ends of their rifles.

We arrived at Torgau on the evening of the 3rd September, and were accorded a very hostile reception by a large crowd.

The entire population seemed to have turned out to welcome us.

(4.)

Major E. H. Jones, R.F.A.

Cambrai—Torgau, August 31-September 3, 1914.

About 8 P.M., on the 31st May, the train started. Most of the carriages had one or two soldier guards in them. We had the same warning about the whole party being shot if one attempted to escape. During the day of the 1st September we

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halted at many stations. There was always a hostile crowd, with the usual "Dum-dum" cry. This reception must have been arranged, for frequently a whole school of children would be drawn up at a wayside station singing "Deutschland über Alles," and crying "Dum-dum," and "Engländer Schweinhund," &c.

At every considerable station there were Red Cross women who gave our guards coffee, food, cigars, &c., but who absolutely refused us even water. I do not think that so much as a cup of water was given to us by the German Red Cross during the whole journey. In the afternoon of the 1st September a loaf of common black bread and some water was given us. I must do the guards the justice to record that sometimes between stations they gave us a sip of their coffee, &c. No more food, except the bread above mentioned, was issued on the 1st September.

We met with the same treatment all along the line at the hands of the Red Cross and the crowd.

In the evening of the 2nd we stopped at a rest station when we had a common meal of bread, cheese, ham, and coffee. This we paid for. This was the first food we had had, except the black bread, since we left Cambrai. At Brussels a British Red Cross man spoke to us and gave us some cigarettes.

At 8 A.M., on the 3rd, a slice of bread and the most repulsive bit of sausage I have ever seen, was given us in a dirty shed. Nothing else all day.

At about 9 P.M. we reached Torgau. We were marched through the town with a thin guard of ancient Landsturm. The town was well lighted and the crowds immense. All the house fronts, hotels, &c., were filled with well-dressed, well-fed people. We had great difficulty in getting through a hostile crowd which abused us, spat at us, and threatened violence. They were drunk with wine and with hatred for us. Most of them were well-dressed people from the middle classes. Our party now only consisted of officers (about 30).

(5.)

Major Arthur S. Peebles, Suffolk Regiment.

Cambrai—Torgau, August 31-September 3, 1914.

On the 31st August, 1914, having paraded at 8.30 A.M. we marched to Cambrai. Arriving there the men were marched into the station, the officers remained outside on the pavement. There was a large convoy of motor omnibuses converted into meat vans, &c., halted near us; we were quickly surrounded by the chauffeurs, &c. These I judged must have been low Berlin mechanics, many of them were drunk, they proceeded to hurl every sort of abuse at us, cursing and swearing. They produced clasp knives and explained how we killed and mutilated their wounded, next revolvers appeared, and there was much talk about dum-dum bullets. They became more and more threatening, our position was most humiliating; there was no German officer with us, several passed along the street from time to time; these were appealed to but without result, they only laughed. This terrible experience lasted for over two hours, after which we entrained in third and fourth-class carriages.

The following afternoon, the 1st September, we arrived at Brussels. On the platform we found a number of English Red Cross nurses and dressers. I understand they had been sent out by Sir Frederick Treves under Sir Alfred Keogh. They told us they were not allowed to do anything or to leave Brussels. This seemed curious to us after all the suffering we had left at Le Cateau. Leaving Brussels, it soon became evident that our journey was being carried out on a prearranged programme, through Cologne, Lipperstadt, Magdeburg, Halle, the train not only stopped at all stations, but at many level crossings. The Red Cross was much in evidence everywhere, our guards were loaded with food, cigars, &c., at every stop, everywhere there were enormous crowds of people singing, shouting, spitting, cursing, children drawn up with flags, singing "Deutschland über Alles" and "Die Wacht am Rhein." At Cologne the crowd was particularly abusive, several men, speaking English, looked into the carriages and used the most filthy language.

At one station we asked two Red Cross "ladies" for a glass of water, saying it was for a wounded officer; they burst out laughing and said, "Nothing for you English." At Lipperstadt, after a fast of forty-eight hours, we were given a little sausage and black bread, charge, 1 M. 80 pf., and during the night a little rice soup. At 7.45 P.M., the 3rd September, we arrived at Torgau station famished and filthy. The station was brilliantly illuminated and filled to overflowing. Leaving the

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station, we found the streets densely packed with people, soldiers, men, women, and children, all singing, shouting, spitting, a perfectly indescribable scene. There were several instances of spitting straight into an officer's face, also of kicking and striking with sticks; the situation was critical. The German officer in charge became alarmed; he shouted out more than once that if anything happened he would hold the soldiers present in the streets responsible. Our guard were quite unable to keep any sort of order; in fact, they gave up trying to do so. At one large house there were several " ladies " in evening dress standing at an open window shouting and shaking their fists at us. It was not until we reached the bridge over the Elbe that things quieted down. The march, the whole way from the station, had been most humiliating and degrading, throughout which we had been subjected to continual abuse and revilement.

(6.)

Captain Beaman, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

We arrived at Mons on the evening of the 31st. Here our treatment completely changed. The column with wounded was marched twice round the town. The local inhabitants were most kind and gave the men chocolate, cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco, till stopped by the German soldiers. We were finally hustled into a large barrack yard, and were ordered into a large dormitory over the stables, personnel and wounded all together. We were made to wade through stable drainage to reach this haven, the boards which were used to cross it being kicked away by our guards. No food or water was supplied either to the personnel or the wounded.

Through the kindness of a sentry we were enabled to get some water in our dixies, which we fortunately brought with us. The wounded received a light meal of milk and biscuits supplied from our panniers. This was the last meal many of them received for some time. We did not get much sleep, as the place was so dirty.

At 4 A.M., on the 1st, we were aroused and ordered to start at 6 A.M. leaving our wounded. One biscuit per man was issued, and we marched to the station under a guard with fixed bayonets. Hitherto our escort had not fixed bayonets. After waiting some two hours in the square, we were separated from our transport and interned in a shed in the station yard. We were given no food, nor were we allowed to get food from our transport. All requests, including a request to see the commandant were met by insults. We spent a very unpleasant day, and were ordered to entrain about 6 P.M. The officers were entrained in a second-class carriage. The personnel and transport were left behind. Before entraining all knives and razors were taken from us.

The journey was uneventful, only marked by the absence of food—until 6 P.M. on the 2nd, when we arrived at Aachen.

Here a mob of drunken Uhlans and railway employees were incited by a German officer—a colonel—to take us out of our carriage. He said it was scandalous that we, who had gouged out the eyes of German wounded with the marlinspikes of our clasp-knives, should travel in a second-class carriage, while German wounded were in trucks. Several of the mob had these English clasp-knives and were threatening to practise upon us, some tried to hit us through the windows, and some were making efforts to get into the corridor when a young officer came up and quelled them.

The howl of an angry mob is most unpleasant and terrifying. The writer for one never wishes to hear it again, the song of the shell is far preferable. We were now given a special guard, who were very suspicious and stand-offish at first, but rapidly thawed. We owe this guard much, for by their kind offices we obtained some food. The German Red Cross gave no food to prisoners, wounded or otherwise. At times it is shown to them and then withdrawn, with kindly remarks that it is not for swine.

We were visited by a German officer, and complaints were made of our treatment, and a demand made to see the German commandant or the American Consul at Cöln. We were informed that there were various charges against us, and that we should be searched and examined later.

At about 6 P.M. on the 3rd we arrived at Dortmund, and under a very heavy guard we were marched to the Station Kommandantur. Here our Senior Medical Officer had an interview with the commandant, who was very polite and accepted our word that all charges of ill-treatment of German wounded were false, and further ordered the Red Cross to give us food. This they did very unwillingly. One lady.

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when asked if she could speak English, replied, " I can, but I won't." After our meal our journey recommenced, but under better conditions. The guard protected us from insults, and we were allowed to buy a meal at Kriensen about 9 P.M., the first meal we had had since Bavai on the 31st. We were given another meal on the morning of the 4th, and arrived at Torgau about 1 P.M. after nearly eighty hours in the train.

(7.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Collingwood, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

Leaving Mons Station on evening of the 1st September, we travelled for three days and four nights by train, being shown off to the populace as the first specimens of the British lion (caged). At Aachen we were the centre of a particularly hostile demonstration, owing to some of the wounded Germans displaying some English clasp-knives, which they declared were used by us to gouge out the eyes of the German wounded. In fact, if a young officer had not realised the seriousness of the position we stood a very good chance of having had our carriage rushed, of being dragged out of it and lynched on the spot. It was with sighs of relief and whispers of thanks to Our Father that our train moved off.

The Germans only twice gave us any food during this journey; and very frequently when our men asked for coffee or soup of the Red Cross workers they were spat at, or had their mugs knocked out of their hands if a sympathetic person was found contaminating himself by administering to " Engländer Schweinhunde."

(8.)

Captain Routh, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

They went on from Mons with fourteen medical officers and a lot of German and English wounded, the officers travelling in four second-class carriages. The journey to Torgau took three days, from the 1st of September to the 4th. They were given no food on the journey for two days with the exception of two or three chunks of bread. At Brussels three English medical students met the train and gave them food. During the journey the guard used at most stations to walk up the platform displaying one of the clasp-knives (which are supplied to all R.A.M.C. men), showing the marlinspike to the crowds of civilians and military which were present at every station saying that with such the English had gouged out the eyes of the German wounded.

At Aix-la-Chapelle they had a very narrow escape for their lives in this way. A large mob had collected at the station and were incited by the splutterings of a senior German officer, whose utterings consisted of virulent abuse against the British medical officers, one among them trying to get into the carriage with a long knife. The mob was getting into a very excited state, when a young officer came up and tried to calm them. Fortunately at that moment the train moved off. In Captain Routh's opinion, this was all done out of pure spite. After Aix-la-Chapelle, they were given sentries in the carriage. On the evening of the 3rd September, they were taken out of the train at 10 o'clock in the evening and given some food, which consisted of ham, German sausages, and bread.

(9.)

Major Furness, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

He had no food at Mons on the 1st September, and nothing to eat on the journey until the 3rd September, when they reached Dortmund. They travelled in a carriage on a hospital train. On the outside were pictures of them hanged; also English swine, &c.

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At Aachen there was a very hostile demonstration. There was a troop train standing at the same platform. The men swarmed out to look at the prisoners and abuse them. The train guard produced a field service pocket knife and showed the soldiers the marlinspike which he said the prisoners had used to gouge out the eyes of wounded Germans. (N.B.—The same form of pocket knife is used in the German army.) One man with a sheath knife called to his companions to drag us out and he would kill us. Lieutenant Butler, who was of the party and had been educated in Germany appealed to a senior German officer to explain to the men, but he only got abuse. Finally, the station officer came up and ordered off the soldiers and sent off the train. The party quite expected to be murdered.

On the march from Landrecies to Mons they passed a supply column, and many of the men were lashed with ropes ends as they passed.

At Mons, Major Furness saw a German officer strike some of the wounded with his scabbard, because they did not understand him and get out of his way.

Whenever the train stopped on the journey, night or day, at nearly every station, a crowd of Germans, civil and military, surrounded the carriage and insulted the prisoners.

Dortmund.—At Dortmund, they were interviewed by the station officer. They complained that they had had no food. He sent out for Red Cross ladies very unwillingly.

In general, the Red Cross representatives were everywhere, if possible, the most venomous. Major Furness was told by other officers that they spat on the food before serving it to the English prisoners.

The party asked the station officer at Dortmund if food could be arranged for that night. Accordingly, at 9 P.M., they were provided with a good meal at the railway restaurant (station unknown). The military guard also partook, and the prisoners had to pay for their food, and also for that of the guard.

Next morning at 7 A.M. they changed guards and were given a basin of soup.

(10.)

Major Lynch, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

On the 1st September we received orders to march to the railway station at Mons, which we reached at 6.30 A.M. We had no food or drink, and were insulted all day by soldiers and officers, and I was struck by a soldier. An officer beat one wounded man with the flat of his sword.

We were allowed to fill our water-bottles at the station on the morning of the 1st September.

We were kept in a goods station at Mons from 6.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M., and were insulted all the time.

We travelled second class and were five in each carriage.

I did not see the German Red Cross, and we were given no food or water.

The first meal we got was on the 3rd September at Dortmund at midday. This consisted of a plate of soup and some bread.

We were given a good meal at Kriensen. The guards asked for water for themselves and gave it to us. We had no guard to Aachen, but at Duren we got a guard of six men and one N.C.O. in the carriage. The guards told us to pull the blinds when we passed through a station, and the Germans then chalked "Engländeren Schweinehunde" on the carriage windows so that the people should jeer at us.

(11.)

Captain Browne, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 1-4, 1914.

On arrival at Mons, the convoy, consisting of 14 R.A.M.C. officers, 300 men, and the wounded, were marched through the town twice, over cobbles and up and down the steep little hills, finally being lodged at the top of the hill, where they passed a most uncomfortable night, entirely dependent on the food they had fortunately brought with them. At 6 o'clock the next morning they were taken to the station,

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where they had to suffer the most insulting treatment; the wounded were left in the waggons in the square outside the railway station. The officers were marched with their men into the railway goods yard; the men were put into a shed and the officers into an office. They were kept there all day without food, and subjected to the insults of the German troops, who, informed of their whereabouts, kept up a continuous round of visits to them. The treatment was most insulting, and they realised for the first time that they were prisoners. They saw the 1st Battalion of the Gordons, who had been kept outside in the yard for two nights, the wounded being left outside the station, and the officers being put in the booking office.

Here they had to stay all day.

At 5 o'clock they were told that they had to go on, and they were searched for knives. The officers were put into several second-class carriages, their men were marched on, and this was the last they saw of them.

At Brussels some English Red Cross doctors gave them bread, which they had not had since they were at the station.

At Aachen, where they arrived next day about noon, they met a crowd of excited Uhlans going to the front. The major got up and harangued the soldiers, exciting them against the English, showing them the knives with marlinspikes which he said had been used to gouge out the eyes of the wounded on the battlefield. One man, Captain Hattersley, was sitting by a window when a German soldier looked in and struck him in the face. Captain Brown said Lieutenant Butler could understand German and could tell them a good of what passed. (He is now working at a hospital in town.)

After Aachen they were given a guard in the carriage. They arrived at Dortmund on Wednesday morning, where they were interviewed by a general, and, on complaining that they had no food, they were given soup and bread.

The Red Cross women treated them vilely. The women referred to are those to be found on the railway stations for the purpose of supplying refreshments to the troops passing through. They came to the carriage windows with coffee and sandwiches, showed them these things and took them away without giving them anything. At some places they spat at them, and invariably drew the attention of the civilians and soldiers on the platform to their presence.

The guard was very good and kind to them, gave them their own bread, and treated them well.

(12.)

Captain A. J. G. Hargreaves, Somerset Light Infantry.

Mons—Torgau, September 2-8 (about), 1914.

On or about the 2nd September we were put into the train at Mons for an unknown destination in Germany. Only third-class carriages were available.

Our guard were men of some Würtemberg regiment, and individually were inclined to be kind and help us when no feldwebel was about.

At the approach of an officer they at once began to bully us.

At the beginning of our journey by train we were refused all food and drink, and could get none (except what the German guard could secretly smuggle in, saying it was for himself) during the voyage. On the carriage which contained the British wounded was marked up in chalk:—

"Englische Schweinhunde."

At Liège I tried personally to get the German Red Cross officials to give our wounded men water. They refused. I saw some German Red Cross nurses actually bring water in cans up to our men, show it to them, and then pour it out on the platform. This also happened to me personally.

At Aix-la-Chapelle the excitement and anger of the crowd were indescribable. There was an elaborate Red Cross dressing-station here. All water and food was rigorously refused us. The German wounded in the train had their wounds dressed. This was refused us. At Mons the German doctors changed our wounded men's bandages. but from there to our destination medical attention was refused us.

The journey, as far as I am personally concerned, lasted five days and five nights, when we arrived at Torgau (on the Elbe). All this time, except for a bit of hard crust and the ends of sausages the German guard over us gave us, we had no food. The German soldiers gave us water at nights (when they thought they

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would not be seen doing so). They asked me to say that if any officer asked if I had had food given me by them to say "No."

When the train stopped at stations, a favourite trick of the civilians on the platforms was to spit on the window-panes of the compartments we were in.

We arrived at Torgau about the 8th September. On our arrival there, a vast crowd was assembled at the station. From the station to the Brückenkopf barracks (where we were to be imprisoned) was a seething mass of screaming men, women, and children. The anger on their faces was terrible to see. They shook their fists, spat at us, and yelled themselves hoarse. I heard a woman (of the upper classes) shout out "Recht für die Schweine!"

At the station, before we started to march up the street to the barracks, and whilst I was on the platform (my head bandaged), a German woman (well-dressed) put her head out of a first-class carriage window and spat in my face.

(13.)

Captain Fraser, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 3-8, 1914.

Captain Fraser was taken prisoner after the battle of Le Cateau, the 26th August, 1914. He was with 27 wounded men, trying to get back to the British lines. The Germans ordered them to Cambrai, where they were put on a Red Cross train full of wounded. He travelled third class with three wounded British officers and numbers of English, French, and German wounded men, and another doctor. At every station there were German Red Cross nurses, who fed their own men, who had everything they wanted. The French were all given something, but the English nothing, except a small quantity of black bread and water. The Red Cross officials and women brought soup to the train, showed it to the British, then took it away, calling them swine and blackguards. The women were almost worse in this respect than the men. The officers were thrown a lump of fat and four pieces of black bread each by the German officials, which had to last them for four days, just enough to keep them alive. The German Red Cross, however, did nothing for them, insulted the English, and accused the doctors of gouging out the eyes of the German wounded.

(14.)

Captain G. H. Rees, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 3-8, 1914.

On the 2nd September a German field ambulance came to the village. Its O.C. visited us, and told me he had received orders to send us all to Cambrai. He collected country carts and waggons, and on the 3rd September we were all sent into Cambrai, where the wounded were taken into the French military hospital (now in German hands). Captain Fraser, myself, the two corporals, and one private, R.A.M.C., were billeted in an hotel.

The next day the German Commandant of Cambrai informed me that a train full of wounded, British, French, and German, was being sent into Germany, and that we (the five R.A.M.C. personnel) were to go with it in medical charge, and that on reaching Germany we would be sent back to England *viâ* Holland.

The train started the same day (4th September) about noon. Captain Fraser and I were placed in a third-class compartment with three wounded British officers. Neither Captain Fraser nor I was allowed to leave the compartment, despite what the Commandant had said about being in medical charge, except on two occasions, at halting places.

On both of these occasions I was ordered by the German guards to examine a wounded soldier in another carriage and to state whether he was fit to proceed any further. The first occasion it was a French soldier, the second a British. In both cases the men were very bad, and, on my stating so, were removed from the train.

This train journey was the worst experience during the whole time I was a prisoner.

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We (the five officers) were given one loaf of bread to share between us the first day (4th September). The next day (5th September) we were given nothing at all. The third day (6th September) at about 4 A.M. we stopped at Brussels, and were given some coffee by an English private doctor who resided there, and who made a habit of coming to the station to render what help he could to British prisoners passing through. Later on in the day we were given a loaf of bread between the five of us.

The fourth day (7th September) we were given nothing until the afternoon, when we were well inside Germany, and it was only on the insistence of the German under-officer of our guard that the Railway Staff Officer at a station we were halting at, gave us each a basin of soup. At about 1.30 A.M. on the 8th September we reached Döberitz, where the British prisoners left the train and were marched up to the prisoners' camp, which consisted of four large marquees.

The rank and file prisoners, both wounded and unwounded, received the same treatment on the journey as we did.

Our progress through France and Belgium was very slow, we taking 48 hours to reach the Belgo-German frontier. We were frequently kept waiting for hours at stations. This, of course, was doubtless unavoidable, as the tracks were loaded with the enemy's troop-trains proceeding towards the site of operations, but each halt our carriages were surrounded by German soldiers, and we were subjected to much verbal abuse, spat upon, and threatened with knives and revolvers. Although we appealed to German officers at these halts, no notice was taken.

When the train was in German territory, this abuse ceased. Here, however, a more refined cruelty was adopted. At all the large stations were German Red Cross Aid Posts. The German wounded were taken out, their wounds dressed, and they were given food and drink in abundance. When I asked the Red Cross authorities for similar treatment for the British and French wounded, it was refused, not one man receiving medical attention, and not one man receiving a morsel of food or drink. I tried at several stations, but with the same result. At Hanover, the Red Cross official I addressed spat on the platform and walked away.

The wounded prisoners were packed very closely in the train, eight, nine, or ten in a compartment, so that it was impossible for any to lie down. In one carriage, however, was Corporal Cook, R.A.M.C., with a field medical companion, and in another was Corporal Simmons, R.A.M.C., similarly equipped. These N.C.O.'s were able to dress the worst cases, as far as their stock of dressings would permit.

(15.)

Captain A. Scott Williams, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Brunswick, September 3-6, 1914.

At 5 A.M. on the 5th September, I was ordered to move everyone to Cambrai. Carts, &c., were provided. The Chef-Arzt delayed the transport in order to provide a trap for my use.

At Cambrai the men were crammed into a waiting-room and left there for the night. I obtained a paper from a doctor to say I was not a prisoner, and slept at an hotel.

On the 3rd September we entrained, seven British and three French officers joined us. The train left at 7 A.M.

At 4 A.M. on the 6th September we detrained at Brunswick. On starting we were given black bread. *En route* the Red Cross, at all the halts, generally refused to give the "Engländer" anything; the women were the most venomous in preventing coffee, &c., from reaching us. We received very little indeed.

(16.)

Major R. F. Meiklejohn, Royal Warwicks.

Cambrai—Brunswick, September 3-6, 1914.

We left Cambrai about 10.30 A.M., the larger part of the train being occupied by wounded Germans, but there were some 150 of our own men on it also.

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The day was very hot, and we had no chance of getting any food, though this was given in abundance to the German wounded at every large station, and they even had to refuse it—having more than they wanted. Finally, after much protest from us, a German officer on the train got us a cup of soup each at Mons, in the evening.

We travelled all night, going very slowly, and with many long stops (some to allow the German wounded to have food), and received nothing else to eat till the evening of the 4th (24 hours later), beyond the bread we had received at Cambrai, and a little water.

German Red Cross women refused us any food, calling us insulting names and spat towards us, telling us they would give nothing to the English "Schweinhunde," although we told them some of us were very ill and all were wounded. German soldiers at Aachen and other places climbed up on the platforms of the carriages, shaking their fists at us, spitting, and abusing us, while their officers looked on, saying all English should be killed, &c. At Aachen things looked so threatening that the train was moved on out of the station.

I myself saw one, and other officers saw several, German women, dressed as nurses and ladies, and wearing the Red Cross, deliberately empty bowls of soup on the platform before us, saying something about giving nothing to "English swine."

Other officers, amongst whom I understand was Captain Pelham-Burn, Gordon Highlanders, saw Red Cross women spit in the soup before offering it to them.

Throughout this journey the conduct of the German women, especially those dressed as Red Cross nurses, was revolting and barbarous beyond words, and as a result of the continuous brutality of Red Cross women and officials, many prisoners of war besides myself have still a repugnance to seeing a Red Cross armlet.

In the evening, Major Shewan and others of us had fever, due to wounds, want of food, and general discomfort, and only after strong representations by the R.A.M.C. officer did we obtain a little coffee and some sandwiches, about 7 P.M.

During the 5th September we appeared to be making a tour of Germany, "on exhibition," being insulted in every way, especially by Red Cross women. About midday we got a few rusks, thrown into the carriage by mistake, and at 8 A.M. a German officer came past our carriage, and hearing us ask for food, and seeing it refused, ordered a Red Cross woman to bring us a cup of soup and some sandwiches. During this day also soup was emptied on the platforms in front of our carriage when we asked for it, and the conduct of the German populace, and especially that of Red Cross women and officials, was barbarous.

(17.)

Lieutenant J. B. Morgan, Suffolk Regiment.

Cambrai—Crefeld, September, 1914.

I was taken to Cambrai, whence I was taken by train to Crefeld.

The treatment during the journey was bad—28 men and 4 officers were put into a cattle truck from which horses had just been taken. It was full of manure, &c. We were all wounded—we were given three loaves of black bread for the lot of us to last us three days. There was plenty of food to be had, as we could see at the stations. At each station German officers and soldiers came and abused us foully, but no violence was attempted, but I put this down to the fact that we were all wounded.

The only sign of kindness shown us was that our wounds were dressed—with no roughness. A Scotchman in a kilt was made to stand at the door of the truck to be jeered at by the German soldiers on the platform.

On the third day we were each given a cup of coffee. Up to that time our requests for water, &c., were refused, and we had nothing to drink except this one cup of coffee—no milk or sugar.

(18.)

Captain H. M. Perry, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 5-9, 1914.

Put into fourth-class carriage, no arrangements. For 48 hours no food. People in stations horrible. German Red Cross at stations refused to give them anything.

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One woman brought glass of water. Spat in it first. German officers always incited the crowd against them. The wounded officers arriving at Torgau, never any arrangement for transport. When wounded arrived, they arrived half-starved.

(19.)

Major H. W. Long, R.A.M.C.

Mons—Torgau, September 5-9, 1914.

On the 5th September, Major Long was sent to Torgau, where he arrived on the 9th September. At the railway station a train of wounded German officers and men abused the English, calling them "Schwein," but there was no physical violence. At every station the same ill-feeling was exhibited, people spitting at them, pointing revolvers at them, and abusing them generally. They were given very little food going through Belgium. The German Red Cross took no notice of them, and did not even give them water. Major Long pointed to his own Red Cross, but without effect. He said he could not believe that women could behave cruelly. They had tables of refreshments and cigarettes, &c., but gave nothing to the English.

(20.)

Major H. B. Kelly, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Aachen, September 5-7 (about), 1914.

The train journey to Aix-la-Chapelle was bad. It took two days and a night, and during the whole of that time Major Kelly was only given one piece of bread and one plate of soup by the authorities.

German Red Cross.—There were Red Cross stations at several of the stations we passed through, and in spite of the fact that we pointed out that we were doctors, they refused us everything, even water.

Treatment by the people.—They were jeered at and spat at, threatened, and made the objects of horse-play generally by the soldiers and people. They were also told that their clasp knives were for cutting the throats of wounded men, and that they used dum-dum bullets.

Arrival at Aix.—When they arrived at Aix nobody seemed to know how Major Kelly and Major Brunshill had got there, they had been lost sight of. They were accused of being spies who had wandered through Belgium.

A German officer told them to get into a closed carriage, as the people were like a lot of wild beasts, and he could not guarantee their safety otherwise. They were taken by the civil police to the barracks.

(21.)

Captain Corbett, R.A.M.C.

Bertry—Brussels—Münster, September 9-14, 1914.

Journey.—On the 9th September I left Bertry with the last of my hospital. I had with me thirty-five of the personnel. We got carts, &c. At first we were told that all the wounded were being concentrated at Cambrai. When I reached Cambrai, however, I was ordered to go on. We had entrained at Bertry. The next morning we arrived at Brussels. At Brussels I and the thirty-five R.A.M.C. personnel were ordered to leave the train, and we were put into a horsebox, empty but dirty. It had not actually just been used by horses. While we were in the horsebox the hospital train with my wounded went off. There were forty of the wounded I had brought with me from Bertry.

All that day the horsebox in which we were remained at Brussels. At intervals parties of Germans would open the door and insult and injure us. They prodded us with their bayonets, spat on us, and urinated on us. Officers would draw their revolvers and present them at us. I addressed officers and pointed out our brassards, but they took no notice.

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That evening about 6 P.M. two officers came. One was a military officer who could speak a little English; the other appeared to be a naval officer. I explained to the one who talked English who we were, and he took us to a third-class carriage. I asked for some food, as we had had none all day. He sent us three or four loaves and a bucket of dirty water.

I had brought my medical equipment from Bertry, and I asked if I might see if it were all right. I found it completely rifled. All the medical equipment was broken and thrown about. The pannier in which I had the discs, books, &c., of the dead had been broken open and all valuables stolen. I pointed all this out to the officer, who said that it was the shaking of the train. As, however, the locks had been broken this was absurd.

At 11 P.M. we were taken from the station and marched through Brussels to the goods station. There we were searched for knives, &c., and were given a dung-heap to sleep upon till 4 P.M. next afternoon. Then an officer gave us some soup that was left over after his men had been fed. This officer was quite decent to us, and I explained to him how things were, and he said he would try and get us sent on to Aachen, where he said my wounded had been sent. He gave me a letter in German explaining that we were Red Cross people, and saying that we had behaved very well. At 5 P.M. we were put into another horse-box with six German guards. We were extremely crowded in this horsebox, and remained in it till we reached Münster. The line was cut several times by sorties from Antwerp. There were no arrangements for food and water for us. The corporal in charge had been a valet in Putney, and he did what he could for us. He told us that as we were English he could get nothing for us officially, but he and the guard shared their food with us.

Every station was full of Red Cross, and there was plenty of food, soup, coffee, &c., but when they heard that we were English they refused to give us any.

(22.)

Captain J. H. W. Knight-Bruce, Royal Warwicks.

Bertry—Duisburg, September 9, 1914.

On the 9th September I was moved to Duisburg am Rhein to a Roman Catholic convent called St. Vincent's Hospital. The journey took forty-eight hours. We got to eat during this time one small jug of soup for a full carriage of men (our carriage jug of soup was useless, as it was put into the jug used for urinating) and one cube of raw bacon about 4 inches by 3 inches by 2 inches per man. There were Red Cross food women at each station, but they would give us nothing. At each station the carriage was flooded by Germans, who insulted us as they liked.

At Brussels we saw some English nurses. They were just allowed to talk to us, but not to tend to us or feed us. They told us that they were not well treated, and had to nurse only Germans.

Past Brussels we came under heavy fire, presumably due to a sortie from Antwerp. The Germans retired across the line, and left our train between the two contending parties. We were then moved slowly up and down in front of the Germans for about an hour; I suppose to draw fire (which we did), though possibly in the hope that the English would recognise us as a hospital train, and that we should act as a check on their fire (which, thankful to say, we did not). I do not know if we were hit, but there were shells bursting all around us. I consider this use of a hospital train as against the Geneva Convention.

At some stations German doctors told us that those who were too badly wounded to travel further were to get out. We had many such, but I do not think any were passed as such by the German doctor. Our English doctor called the attention of a German doctor to a man in my carriage with a grazed femoral artery which had to be contained by a tourniquet all the time owing to the jolting, causing the man great suffering. The German doctor was very rude at being asked about the case, and refused to allow the man to be taken out. This man died a few days later of hæmorrhage. He could most certainly have recovered if he had been taken out and kept quiet, as the graze was not severe.

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(23.)

Captain T. B. Butt, K.O.Y.L.I.

Cambrai—Minden, September 11-14, 1914.

I arrived at Cambrai Station at 1 P.M. It was warm, and we were taken to a small shed full of bales of straw, where were some forty English and 100 French soldiers. Here we were kept waiting for about three hours; it then began to rain very hard; we were at once taken on to the platform of the station without any shelter. This rain continued for two hours, during which time we all became wet through. At 6 P.M. it stopped raining, and we were taken into the shed again.

At 7 P.M., after a wait of six hours, we were told that we had to get into the train. Lieutenant Backhouse and I were put into a cattle truck with nine wounded German privates. One end of this carriage was occupied by the Germans; in the middle was a double wooden bench; the other end was about 6 inches deep with fresh horse-dung, on which we were placed; being completely worn out, we slept here with a little straw and one small blanket given by the Red Cross.

The night of the 13th-14th September was better, as a shelf was put up in the truck for us to sleep on, and more straw was given us.

As regards meals on this journey, when the German soldiers were asked how many required food, they said " Elf," and by this means Lieutenant Backhouse and myself were always given food; at one station, however, the man put his head into the carriage and saw two Englishmen, and at once said, " Nein, nein, Engländer Schweinehunde." Two of the Germans ate up their food quickly and asked for second helpings, which they were given, and which they gave to us.

Our train stopped opposite an outgoing troop train, and the soldiers all crowded round to hear the battle news and to see the prisoners. One of these men began talking to me in English, telling me what fools we were and how soon we were going to be beaten, &c. He then gave me a peremptory order to come and show myself; this I declined to do, at the same time pointing to my leg. He then pushed another soldier into the carriage, who rushed at me, beating me over the head and generally abusing me; whilst I was trying to keep him off by holding his throat another man threw a large piece of wood, which hit me on the back of the head. Fortunately our train moved on and these men had to leave the carriage.

To give them their due, the nine Germans in my carriage, who witnessed this, appeared to be very angry about it, but could do nothing. There being no latrine in cattle trucks, the question of performing these duties of nature became most pressing. When the train stopped the French prisoners used to swarm out of their carriages in answer to nature's call; when an Englishman did likewise they allowed him out for about forty-five seconds, and would then approach him, bayonet at the ready, shouting " Einsteigen," which we soon discovered meant " Get into the carriage or you will be pricked."

(24.)

Captain A. D. Vidal, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Torgau, September 15-20, 1914.

On the morning of the 15th September we were told that we were to be moved to Germany, and on the afternoon of that day we were put on board a train at Cambrai Station. Five English medical officers were placed in one third-class compartment, there being no lavatory accommodation.

On starting we were given one loaf of bread (between the five of us), and we had our water-bottles full.

The rest of the train was composed of some carriages containing unwounded French officers and a number of cattle trucks containing English wounded officers and men, about forty English wounded in all.

The journey lasted, in the same train, until we arrived at Torgau on the fifth day of our journey.

The train stopped frequently, but the English doctors were not allowed any facilities for visiting the wounded in the trucks. On two occasions I was, however, called to see them, and once I found the patient so ill that he was removed from the train.

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On the platform, going from my carriage to the truck and back, there were very hostile demonstrations by the crowd, and had it not been for a German lady, who spoke English well, I should certainly have been attacked by the crowd, composed of armed soldiers and civilians.

Expressions of hatred for the English were common at all stations.

Beyond the loaf of bread we received on starting, we had, on this journey, only one meal of soup at a wayside station, and as far as I am aware only the same food was provided for the wounded as for ourselves.

A German officer, whose name I was unable to obtain, travelled in the next compartment to us, and on several occasions when the German inhabitants or the Red Cross nurses came to the carriage at wayside stations to offer us food the German officer explained that we were English and would not allow us to receive it.

The German officer left on the third day, after which the guard of the train did his best to assist us, and for himself apologised for the way the German officer had behaved.

We arrived at Torgau at night on the 20th September.

(25.)

Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Thomson, R.A.M.C.

—*Torgau*, September, 1914.

At the beginning of the war especially the German Red Cross did nothing for the British prisoners. On my way up to Torgau in September 1914 we were kept for 78½ hours in the train, and at all places we stopped at the members of the German Red Cross refused even to give food to us. During that time we were taken out of the train once and given a bowl of soup and vegetables. The Red Cross, if asked anything, only replied with abuse. I may say that in my opinion the ill-will was shown more against the British than the French, some of whom were also in the train. I think the conduct of the German Red Cross was very bad, and you will find that all officers taken prisoners at the beginning of the war will agree with me on that point.

(26.)

Major P. C. Doughty, Suffolk Regiment.

Cambrai—Cologne, September 18-20, 1914.

On the 18th September, at 6 P.M., we set out for Germany, and arrived at Cologne 10 A.M. 20th September; forty hours. Captain Morley and I travelled in a second-class carriage, with no guard. Soldiers got in and out at every stopping-place; the subject of their conversation was unmistakable, though I know no German. An appalling look; sureness—London could be taken before Christmas, and England annihilated. At all stations hatred to us was shown everywhere. A general and staff of a division going from east to west frontier stared at us as if we were wild animals. The guard kindly gave us a thick slice of stale black bread. At Liège great display of Red Cross; they refused us, but when told we were wounded gave us soup, bread, and something to drink, with *averted* faces—a man and a woman!!! too. This is all we saw during the forty hours.

(27.)

Major H. E. Priestley, R.A.M.C.

Cambrai—Halle, September 19-22 (about), 1914.

I was put on a train with two sentries, who had orders to make free use of their arms, if necessary. At Valenciennes I detrained, and was placed in a room full of negroes from the coal mines. I asked the sentry to allow me to sit outside, whereupon a German officer came and, pointing to my badges of rank, &c., exclaimed, "You are a doctor; you are an officer; but you are an Englishman; that is why you are here." Later many others came to inspect the English doctor who used dum-

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dums. I was made to undress outside; my razor, records of dead men, &c., were taken from me. My Red Cross brassard was stripped from my arm, and I was told I should have been shot on the spot had the cartridges been found on my person, and that I should be sent back for trial in Germany.

Some dry bread was later on given to the negroes, of which I was given some when nobody was watching. Some time the same night I and the negroes were put aboard the train in a goods van, in which I found some of my men from Landrecies. We lay on the floor. At Cologne we changed; we were locked up in an underground room and given some ration—bread and water. Then we were marched out of the station to a van, which carried us to another station. On the way to the van the crowd closed round; some of the men were spat upon, some were kicked. I was fortunate. We arrived at another station in Cologne and entrained for Wahn. It was night when we arrived. From the station we were marched to a camp. Here I stayed a night and was well treated, my past being unknown. Next morning I was fetched by a warrant officer, whose manner clearly showed I was a criminal. I was joined by a French doctor in uniform, who was being sent for trial as a spy. We were taken to the station in a cab, for which the Frenchman had to pay, as I had no money. We had the company of two armed sentries. We eventually reached Halle, where we met many wounded French officers. The convoy was marched through the streets of Halle to the officers' lager. Our progress through the streets was slow and painful, as many of the wounded soldiers were not fit for this trial.

Throughout the journey at all stations where the train stopped and refreshments were available the cry was " Nichts für Engländer." The guard was civil and threw us some bread.

(28.)

Captain R. W. Thomas, Munster Fusiliers.

St. Quentin—Torgau, September 28-October 1 (about), 1914.

On or about the 28th September I left Guise with two French officers and about twenty French soldiers, all wounded, in a train full of German wounded. As far as St. Quentin I travelled in a third-class carriage, but there I was taken out and put in a cattle truck with some French soldiers and some German wounded, and remained here on the siding most of the night. Before the train started again some German soldiers came and searched me, and in doing so knocked me about rather badly, while a German Red Cross man stood by and applauded them, and said if they found a knife on me he would cut my throat with it. All the way through Belgium this process was repeated with growing brutality at nearly every station, and no German officer ever interfered, but a young German drummer boy who had had his leg broken in the fight with my regiment, and who had seen me at Etreux, was in the same waggon with me, and several times when things were getting a little too hot interfered, telling them that I was an officer and was wounded in a good fight. This certainly had a quieting effect on several occasions. At Brussels Station there was a particularly angry crowd of soldiers, some of whom spat at me and brandished revolvers in my face. I was wondering whether I would ever reach Germany alive, when an Unter-Offizier came up and dispersed the crowd and spoke to me very kindly in an American accent. He said he hoped I would excuse his comrades, as probably most of them did not understand the real state of affairs, and that just then they were particularly angry against the English.

The German Red Cross people at the stations were particularly bad; they would bring food of all sorts for the German wounded, and also occasionally for the French, and give strict orders that none was to be given to the " Engländer." I was only just kept alive by scraps given to me on the sly by the afore-mentioned German drummer boy. One night in the train the tube in my throat became nearly stopped up, and I could not breathe, so the Unter-Offizier in charge called a doctor who was on the train, and he came and poked at it with a piece of stick that he had cut out of the hedge by the line, and so freed my respiration a little. When we got into Germany the Germans and some of the French were put out at each station as we went along, until we reached Halle, where the two French officers and I were taken out and examined by a doctor; there the two French officers were sent on to a hospital, but I, who was much worse, was sent on to the camp at Torgau, where I arrived late on the evening of the 1st October, having been travelling for five days and four nights continuously in a cattle truck with only a hard board to lie on. On arriving at the

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station at Torgau I was made to march in fours with some French soldiers, just arrived as orderlies, to the camp, a matter of about a mile. Although I was gasping for breath and so weak that I could hardly stand up, I was prodded along by German soldiers with bayonets. I could never have reached the camp but that the French soldiers saw how I was and kept walking as slowly as they were allowed in front. On arrival at Bruckenkopf Camp, Torgau, when I was almost collapsed, I was subjected to a thorough search in the guard room before being allowed to have anything to eat or lie down. All the way from the railway station to the camp I was followed by a hissing and jeering mob. I was then put in a place called the Lazarett, where there were about fifteen or twenty French officers, all more or less sick; here I slept and had my meals, which were rather better than the other prisoners had. The Sanitäts-Unter-Offizier in charge of this place was kind and on the whole not a bad fellow.

(29.)

Captain E. E. Orford, Suffolk Regiment.

Cologne—Torgau, October 9-11, 1914.

Next morning at the station we were joined by two other English officers from other hospitals in Cologne, and were told we were going to Torgau. We travelled in third-class carriages with the usual guard. The under-officer in charge of us tried the usual shouting method at us, but when he found we were all wounded and unable to move about very quickly he changed his manner, and after getting into conversation with him in the train he turned out to be quite a good fellow and looked after us well, and also prevented any Germans coming and looking at us when the train stopped in the stations.

At one station, the name of which I do not remember, some German Red Cross nurses were on the platform with food, &c. The under-officer called to them to bring some food, and when they came to the carriage and saw we were English they made some remark that we were "Schweinehunde, Engländer," and that they were not going to give us anything. With that the underofficer dashed out of the train, seized one of the women by the arm, and used some abusive language to her and made her bring some food for us, and also sent one of the others off for some hot coffee.

(30.)

Captain Beresford, Worcestershire Regiment.

Cambrai—Mainz, October 16-20, 1914.

After this date (8th October) I was removed up to a private ambulance on the outskirts of Cambrai, and which was looked after by a Madame Brunot; I was left here until the 16th October, when I was told to get out of bed and get ready for my journey to Germany. I left the ambulance in a car that took me to the station, and where I arrived at about 10.30 A.M. I then had in my possession a small kit bag, in which I had a few articles of clothing and a little food given to me by the French Red Cross. On getting out of the car on to the platform my bag was seized by several German soldiers, who proceeded to ransack it; anything they fancied they took, the rest of the things were thrown about in the mud, at the same time all my pockets were emptied by several German privates, and an officer proceeded to cut off the few remaining buttons I had on my service jacket, the other ornaments having previously been removed.

After this performance I was told I could now pick up my things, most of which had been taken. I was then put in the train. We remained in the siding all the rest of the day while the train was being filled up, and it was well into the night before we moved off. The first attempt in the shape of giving us any food, or water to drink, took place at Mons Station on the Saturday morning, and as this consisted of one or two men with buckets of soup, with nothing to put it in, most of us had to go without. No other nourishment was to be had until reaching a place called Bingen-on-Rhine, on Monday, the 19th October; there were numberless Red Cross women with coffee and other eatables at the stations we passed through, but these women, as soon as they saw we were English, would not give us anything. From the time of leaving Cambrai one was insulted at every stop, which were very frequent, and people

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crowded round the carriage, women included, and called one every name they could think of. There was no officer on the train, and one was left to the tender mercies of an under-officer, who took a delight to exhibit one as a wild beast.

(31.)

Major Vandaleur, Scottish Rifles.

Douai—Crefeld, October 17-20, 1914.

At Douai I was detained on the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville with a sentry over me, and was subjected to continual abuse and revilement. On the arrival of the other prisoners we were all confined in a large shed for the night. No food, except a little provided by the French Red Cross Society, was given, also no straw, and we spent a terrible night there, men being obliged to walk about all night to keep warm, as their greatcoats had been taken from them.

On the 17th October, in the morning, the French Red Cross people gave us what they could in food, and did their very best, in spite of opposition from the Germans. At about 2 P.M. on the same day we were all marched off to the railway station, being reviled at and cursed all the way by German officers, as well as by German soldiers. One of our officers was spat on by a German officer.

At the station we were driven into closed-in wagons, from which horses had just been removed, fifty-two men being crowded into the one in which the other four officers and myself were. So tight were we packed that there was only room for some of us to sit down on the floor. This floor was covered fully three inches deep in fresh manure, and the stench of horse urine was almost asphyxiating. We were boxed up in this foul wagon, with practically no ventilation, for thirty hours, with no food, and no opportunity of attending to purposes of nature. All along the line we were cursed by officers and soldiers alike at the various stations, and at Mons Bergen I was pulled out in front of the wagon by the order of the officer in charge of the station, and, after cursing me in filthy language for some ten minutes, he ordered one of his soldiers to kick me back into the wagon, which he did, sending me sprawling into the filthy mess at the bottom of the wagon. I should like to mention here that I am thoroughly conversant with German, and understood everything that was said. Only at one station on the road was any attempt made on the part of German officers to interfere and stop their men from cursing us. This officer appeared to be sorry for the sad plight in which we were in. I should also like to mention that two men of the German guard also appeared to be sympathetic and sorry for us; but they were able to do little or nothing to protect us.

Up to this time I had managed to retain my overcoat, but it was now forcibly taken from me by an officer at a few stations further on.

On reaching the German-Belgian frontier the French prisoners were given some potato soup. The people in charge of it told us that none was for us, but that if any was left over after the French had been fed we should get what remained. This is in accordance with the general treatment of British prisoners by the Germans, who always endeavour to attend to our necessities last, and to put us to as much inconvenience and ill-treatment as possible. We subsequently got a little soup and a few slices of bread amongst twenty-five British prisoners in the same wagon with me.

On the 18th October, early, we arrived at Cologne, and the four officers and myself were removed from the wagon, and after some delay sent on to Crefeld.

I said that fifty-two prisoners were in the wagon with me when we left Douai. These were: [here follow the names of four officers], myself, fifteen English soldiers, and thirty-two French civilians of all grades of society. It is difficult to indicate or give a proper idea of the indescribably wretched condition in which we were in after being starved and confined in the manner stated for three days and three nights. As is well known, one of these wagons is considered to be able to accommodate six horses or forty men, and this only with the doors open so as to admit of ventilation. What with the filth of the interior, the number of people confined in it, and the absence of ventilation, it seemed to recall something of what one has read of the Black Hole of Calcutta. To give an idea of the state of mind to which we have been reduced, I got one of the better-class French prisoners to secrete a letter to my wife in the hope that he might be able to get it out to her when he reached his destination, as these French civilian prisoners were being treated better than ourselves. They all expressed great pity for the way in which we were being treated.

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I found out that the waggon in front of us was full up with English soldiers. This particular waggon had no ventilation slit of any sort or description, and men were crowded into this even worse than they were in the wagon in which I was. They banged away continually on the wooden sides of the van, and finally, as I supposed the Germans thought that they might be suffocated, a carpenter was got, who cut a small round hole in one of the sides.

(32.)

Captain Young, Cheshire Regiment.

Douai—Crefeld, October 17-20, 1914.

Early the following morning we were given a small piece of stale black bread and some very weak coffee, but before we could swallow this we were fallen in and marched off under a mounted escort, ten kilometres, to Lens. . There we were put into some school buildings, one that had been used as a stable being carefully selected for the officers. We only remained there about an hour. We were then marched twenty kilometres to Douai, with one halt of five minutes half way. On the way we passed through a German infantry battalion drawn up on either side of the road. The officers of the first company called their men to attention, and we were left alone. But as we passed through the remaining companies the men, headed by their officers, insulted us in German and English. Their English was limited to such terms as "Son of a bitch" and "English swine." Several officers and men were struck with the butts of rifles and spat upon.

We were kept for about an hour in front of a large town hall at Douai. After undergoing considerable annoyance from crowds of soldiers, who collected round us, we were marched off under a Uhlan escort.

An officer, seeing that some of us were very footsore, told the escort to put a lance through anyone who could not keep up.

We were taken to a large empty artillery shed with a cinder floor.

Some of the French Red Cross managed to bring us a little food that night. This we shared with the men. I recollect that my share was half a sardine and a piece of bread about two inches by three. It was so bitterly cold that we were unable to sleep. In the morning the French again brought us food, and we all managed to get a decent meal.

About midday we were marched round the town to the station. On the way several officers and men spat at us, and both the escort and ourselves were frequently threatened. The former were told that they had better not return unless they had done us in.

On arrival at the station we were marched up to some horse-boxes. Seeing that the one outside which we halted was apparently full of French civilians, I thought there was some mistake, and hesitated. I was promptly kicked in by orders of the officer in charge.

The horse-box was marked to hold forty men. Into this they put five officers, fifteen soldiers, and thirty-two French civilians taken from Lille.

The floor was covered with three or four inches of manure. The only means of light and ventilation was a hinged shutter about three feet long by about nine inches deep. The heat and stench were appalling. The place was filled with the fumes of ammonia, from the effects of which and the darkness for three days and nights my sight has never recovered. The men in the next truck to us were even worse off than we were. They had no light or ventilation until late in the first afternoon, when the Germans cut a small hole at one end for them.

At the first station we stopped as the Germans came and took away the last of our greatcoats. The officer who did this said they required them for their Landsturm.

At all the stations we stopped at our guards opened the truck and allowed soldiers and civilians to get in and trample over us and prod us about with their rifles. They had also chalked up outside the fact that the truck contained British officers. At Mons Major Vandeleur was taken to the door of the truck and reviled at for about ten minutes by a German officer on the platform. At the end of this, as he turned to go back to his place, he was violently kicked by one of the guards and sent sprawling to the end of the truck. During the next two days we were frequently drawn up in sidings while train-loads of troops from Antwerp passed.

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These threw bottles and stones at us and slashed at us with whips. We were obliged to take turns holding the shutter to, as the guards kept beating it open to let these troops get at us.

The French were given food and water, but we were given nothing till the second afternoon, when a little dry bread and water was given us. The German Red Cross people invariably refused to give us even a drink of water. The following morning we were given a little soup, after the French had had all they wanted. We also got a little more bread that evening. In the early hours of the morning of the 18th the officers were taken out at Cologne and put into a third-class carriage for Crefeld. Our fresh guards treated us well, sharing their rations with us and giving us a drink of Schnapps.

(33.)

Lieutenant J. J. Russell, Royal Sussex.

Courtrai—Göttingen, October 25-28, 1914.

On arrival at Courtrai we were placed in filthy cattle trucks, sixty in a truck, in which we spent three days and three nights travelling to our destination, which was Göttingen, Hanover. We were thirty-six hours before we had anything to eat, then the door was opened, and a few pieces of bread were thrown in to us like dogs. We begged for water, but none was given to us till twelve hours after, when a bucket of water was placed in our truck, and we had to drink as best we could. We received another piece of bread and a cup of black coffee and a cup of soup during the journey. We arrived at our camp about 7 A.M. on the 28th.

(34.)

Lieutenant C. E. Wallis, Loyal North Lancashire.

Laon—Mainz, October 30-November 2, 1914.

We were now all put in the train, which was an ambulance one. The two French officers were put in a compartment with some French N.C.O.'s, and I was put in a compartment which had twelve berths, with nine Senegalese and two British soldiers. The arrangements on the train were good, but the food, although of good quality, was altogether insufficient, and we felt very hungry during the whole three days we were in the train. The train did not start for another twenty-four hours, and during this time we were left in peace, but when the journey commenced at every station we were a spectacle for the German soldiers. When we crossed the frontier into Germany we were mobbed at each station. Someone had written " International Waggon " on the carriage, and it appeared to be a source of great satisfaction to all.

At Saarbrücken we were all taken out of the hospital train, and the two British soldiers, with six of the Senegalese, were put, with myself, into an ordinary third-class compartment, together with two guards. We remained in this compartment for sixteen hours without getting out. During this time food was twice brought, but each time the Senegalese were given the food and told that they could give some of it to the English swine if they liked. If it had not been that the blacks were very decent fellows we should have had absolutely no food the whole time.

One of the two men, a corporal in the Berkshire Regiment I think, was so weak that he fainted several times, and finally we had to lay him down on the floor of the carriage and rest our feet on him. There was no room to do anything else, as there were eleven in the compartment. I may mention that during the whole of this part of the journey the two French officers had a first-class compartment to themselves, and were allowed to send for any food or drink they required to the buffets at the various stations we stopped at. On several occasions they tried to send food to me, but were not allowed to do so. Two or three times during the journey German officers came and swore at us, one in fluent English.

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(35.)

Captain H. Master, Royal West Surreys.

—Munster, October, 1914.

On arrival we lay outside the station on straw for two hours in the bitter cold. It was here that I learned what German soldiers could be. They shouted, calling me names, threatened me with fixed bayonets, and loaded and pointed their rifles at me. This went on for some ten minutes, until I managed to attract the attention of a German officer, who put a stop to it. A Belgian girl, seeing me lying there shivering, brought me a warm blanket and gave me coffee and bread, which was very welcome, as I had had nothing since 10 A.M.

A closed cattle truck with a tin roof was the next change. There were placed in it about twenty of us, all unable to move, lying in very close quarters on straw. I asked for a better mode of travelling, but was refused. The train was full of German wounded. We were three days travelling, being fed twice a day at odd times with bread and coffee. The sanitary arrangements were bad, being only a bucket standing in our midst, which was never emptied. Some were able to get up and use it, but others had to manage as best they could.

At stations I was much looked at and talked about; once a man tried to kick me, but was stopped by my next-door neighbour (a German schoolmaster in private life). At larger stations my companions were offered cigars, cigarettes, and rolls, but I was passed by. I think the repulse at Ypres must have made the Germans very bitter against the English. At Köln we stopped an hour; there Red Cross women came in and washed the men, giving them all sorts of food, but here again I was left severely alone.

(36.)

Captain A. S. Fraser, Dorset Regiment.

Douai—Paderborn, October 30-November 3 (about), 1914.

As far as I remember, I stayed two days in Douai, and I was then sent off by train to Germany.

I had no clothes, only a shirt, khaki jacket, and a hat; no trousers, socks, or boots.

I was given a blanket, but on arrival at the station it was taken from me by a German to give to one of his own wounded. I made a mild protest, and in consequence the German took my hat and threw it away and hurled all kinds of abuse at me. I waited in the station for about two hours and without any covering at all, except my shirt and jacket, which I had to throw over my legs; it was pretty cold.

An officer in the Cheshires joined me at Douai, a Lieutenant Thomas, 3rd Battalion.

Before we started from the hospital some Belgians gave us a parcel each of food; fortunately, we were able to hang on to them.

We were then pushed into a filthy dirty cattle truck and had to lie on disgusting straw; the truck was very full of prisoners, French soldiers, a couple of Arabs, and some civilians.

(37.)

Captain A. M. Pollard, R.A.M.C.

Lille—Gütersloh, November 2-4, 1914.

On the 2nd November we were given some coffee at Lille, but nothing to eat. We were marched to the station and put in the train. We travelled for forty-two hours, finally arriving at Gütersloh.

Food.—We were given nothing to eat or drink during that period, but fortunately we had a guard who was humane and managed to buy us a little chocolate and fruit. He got severely reprimanded for this, and an officer even threatened to strike him with the flat of his sword for his humanity.

German Red Cross.—At every station were German Red Cross posts, but, needless to say, they did nothing for us.

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Treatment.—At every station officers and men and civilians came and abused us; in some instances we were spat at, and women tried to scratch us!

(38.)

Captain J. L. Jackson, R.A.M.C.

Douai—Aachen, November 11-12, 1914.

Treatment.—On the 11th November we were drawn up in the place outside the Hôtel de Ville—myself, two English soldiers, and twenty-nine French privates—marched to the station, and all put in one cattle truck with straw on the floor. No conveniences, and not allowed to leave train. It was a twenty hours' journey to Aachen. At almost every station we were exposed to the crowd to be jeered at. The guards would say I was an English doctor and haul me out for inspection.

Food.—The German Red Cross people came with food for the guards, but not for the prisoners.

One German doctor removed one of my badges and kept it, but he gave me a cup of coffee. The guards gave us black bread and coffee once on the journey.

(39.)

Lieutenant H. G. Henderson, Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

Tourcoing—Osnabrück, November 12-14, 1914.

Arrived at Tourcoing, we were put into a theatre, and I spent the night on some straw, shivering from wet and cold, with no covering. In the morning we were marched to the station, and there we waited. I lay down on the ground, and whilst there a German officer came in with a bulldog. The dog came up to me and licked my face, whereupon the officer kicked it, at the same time making some sneering remark about an Engländer, at which all the soldiers laughed. Finally Abraham and I were put in a third-class compartment (all wood), and I lay down on the floor.

Some time later Lieutenant Bennett, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, was also put into the carriage. He gave me his overcoat and put his cap under my head. My wound was in my head, and the jolting of the carriage was terrible, especially as the journey took four days.

At Münster we were taken out, also some officers from a French regiment and their men. The French officers were taken to a buffet and given a good meal; we three were taken to a room, put down beside their men (private soldiers), and forced to eat out of tin basins with them. When we tried, like the French, to buy soda-water, the German sentries stopped us, saying, "Not for the Engländer."

At another station they took me to a Red Cross room. The doctor looked at my card, said it was too soon to re-dress my wound, gave me an aspirin, refused my request for some sort of a pillow for my head, and put me back in the carriage again.

(40.)

Lieutenant M. H. Abraham, R.F.A.

Tourcoing—Osnabrück, November 12-14, 1914.

We were moved from Roubaix at 4 A.M. on the 12th and marched to Tourcoing Station. Uhlans formed the escort, and employed their lances for beating off Belgian or French women who tried to give us food, hitting them anywhere. They were very tenacious, and made repeated rushes in between the horses to give our men bread, &c. The escort's behaviour was disgusting.

At Tourcoing Station Lieutenant Henderson and I were confined in a cattle truck with no straw, very cold and damp. A loaf of hard bread was given us, and no more. That evening we were moved out and put into a third-class carriage. Lieutenant J. Bennett, of the Duke of Wellington's, joined us. We were given a loaf of hard bread, which had to be broken on the back of the compartment. At every station we stopped there were friendly peasants willing to give us food, but

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none was allowed to be given to "Schweinehunde Engländer." At Liège a farmer's daughter was permitted to give us some most excellent hot potage.

During the journey we were told to get out, and food was given us. The first halt we had was near the huts specially built for troops. There was a special compartment for officers, but no English officer was allowed in. We went in with the men, British and French. Whilst the meal was going on the guard went up to Frenchmen and patted them on the back, saying "Kamerad." Some Frenchmen got up and went to the canteen and bought smokes, drinks, &c. I made a move to do likewise, and so did some of our men, but no sooner was I up than a hand came down on my shoulder, and said, "Nichts, Engländer."

Throughout the journey it was quite clear that the Germans were trying to separate us from our Allies as much as possible, simply by favouring the French. Needless to say, they did not have the slightest success, and were met with contempt from both sides.

(41.)

Captain H. O. Sutherland, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Sissonne—Giessen, November 14-16, 1914.

Two days later all the prisoners from the hospital were transported to Germany. I was put into a cattle truck with five or six British privates and about twenty-five French soldiers. There was only just room to lie down, and there was very little straw on the floor. It was extremely cold travelling. We left about midday and arrived at Coblenz the following evening about 9 P.M., where I with the other English detrained. We were given very little food on the journey, and at each station one of the English soldiers was made to stand up in the doorway and show himself to the people on the platform. A corporal in a Scottish regiment was continually made to stand up, although he was badly wounded in the thigh.

At Coblenz we spent the night on stretchers in the waiting room. We were given a meal and generally treated well. The next morning we left about 5 A.M., and arrived at Giessen about midday. We were met on the platform by German Red Cross orderlies. One of these lifted a private, who had a leg and an arm broken, out of the carriage, held him over a stretcher about 2 to 3 ft. above it, and then deliberately let him drop. We were taken in a motor ambulance to a hospital which I later discovered was reserved for soldiers only.

(42.)

Captain H. G. W. Irwin, 2nd South Lancashire.

Valenciennes—Münden, November 18-20, 1914.

The hospital was run by the French, and I was well fed and cared for. When I was able to walk a little I was ordered to Germany. On the 18th November, 1914, I was taken to the railway station at Valenciennes, and remained for five hours, freezing in a sort of pen, which during my occupation appeared to have been turned into the divisional spittoon. The Bavarian troops seemed to specialise in expectoration.

Finally I was carried down a fine-looking hospital train and deposited in a closed cattle truck. A British soldier, Private Jackson, Middlesex Regiment, wounded in the leg, was made to walk, assisted by kicks from all sides.

In addition there were eighteen wounded French soldiers. The truck was filthy; there was a little straw. All the ventilators were nailed up, so there was neither air nor light. It was bitterly cold. The condensed breath froze and formed a coating of ice for the truck. As food for the journey a cupful of an offensive form of grease and water was issued at Namur. Those who could walk were allowed to get out of the truck twice; the others remained, and the result may be imagined. We were in the truck two days and two nights. At Aix-la-Chapelle the French soldiers were given black bread. We detrained at Cologne.

The French soldiers left us here. We were taken to a stone room under the station. The Landsturm under-officer gave us coffee, at the same time impressing upon us that it was quite forbidden to give anything to English prisoners.

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An exhibition of English prisoners and English dum-dum bullets was opened, and proved a great success. The female Germans were particularly infuriated. The cartridges shown were in every case of Mauser pattern.

We continued our journey in a third- or fourth-class carriage escorted by two Landsturm soldiers.

At Giessen, Hesse, we changed trains, and the British soldier left me. Whilst awaiting the connecting train another large and noisy crowd collected and became very offensive.

The female Germans were again greatly in evidence. My escort beat off the crowd, using their rifle butts freely, and I was packed into the Red Cross station. The Red Cross orderlies were not actively offensive.

(43.)

Captain B. Johnson, R.A.M.C.

Lille—Cologne, November 28-30, 1914.

We left Lille at 6 P.M. on the 28th, and reached Cologne about 2 A.M. on the 30th November, 1914.

I travelled in a second- or third-class railway carriage with two wounded English officers of the 9th Lancers and a German sub-officer. I do not think this sub-officer was a regular guard. There was a carriage full of German officers just opposite, and they kept an eye upon us.

Food.—We were given a feed at one station—the usual German soup.

Red Cross.—The Red Cross took no notice of us except at Aachen, where a small boy gave us some coffee. He refused at first, but a German officer made him give it to us.

The Crowd in Cologne.—On arrival at Cologne the crowd was extremely hostile. It was a well-dressed crowd, including well-dressed women as well as men. The guard over us was strengthened, and we were put into a tram with all the blinds drawn down. Even then the people demonstrated against the tram, hitting it and so forth. We were, however, properly protected by our guard.

(44.)

Captain Henderson, London Scottish.

Brussels—Frankfurt, November 30-December 2, 1914.

When the time came to go, I was put on a stretcher just as I was, in a short nightshirt with two blankets over me, and taken downstairs, and placed outside in the wind and rain; it was the 30th November, and blowing a gale. I was there about twenty minutes, and complained to a passing officer, who had me put back into a draughty stone passage, where I was for another hour and a half, all of which time I might have been in bed. The excuse for taking me out was that the train was going at once. At last a motor came, and my stretcher was put across the back of this, which was a lorry with pneumatic tyres and much overhung at the back. The streets of Brussels were extremely rough, and the man drove at a great speed, causing me intense pain. This again was quite unnecessary, as they fetched no more cases, and when we arrived at the station the train did not go for about another hour and a half. We were placed in a cattle truck with some moderately clean straw on the floor. We were at the back of a train which contained a good many German patients, mostly sitting-up cases, who travelled, officers first-class, soldiers second-class, and prisoners (officers or men) cattle truck. There was an excellent ambulance train in the station, but I never saw the inside of one in my whole experience of Germany, nor have I met a British officer who ever did.

There were no conveniences in these trucks, not even a urine bottle or bed-pan, and we had to make shift with a rusty tin which was eventually unearthed.

I have mentioned these details rather fully, because they struck us all at the time, and still do so, as being deliberately designed for our discomfort. There was several days' notice, and there could have been no difficulty in obtaining us at any rate decent rolling stock to travel in, all of us being severely wounded.

We changed from this train at Aachen, where we received a sandwich each and were put into a third-class carriage (Dobson and I) with hard, wooden seats. After

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a great deal of protest, in which I received much help from Dobson, a doctor eventually ordered some straw in a sack to be put on the floor for me. So I was fairly comfortable, except for the fact that a sentry was in the compartment and rapidly becoming drunk. He kept falling over with the muzzle of his loaded and cocked rifle in my stomach. On this part of the journey it was Dobson who suffered most. He had been taken out of his bed after seven weeks with a badly shattered arm, and had to travel sitting up on a hard, wooden seat from about 11 A.M. till 1.30 A.M. the next day. All this kind of thing cannot have been necessary, and we cannot help drawing the conclusion that it was all premeditated. We had no courtesy whatever from officers on the journey, nothing but rudeness, and, except for the sandwich at Aachen, nothing to eat or drink was provided. At several places on the journey we would pull up and find a train full of troops going to the front on the other platform. Red Cross women and girls were on most of the platforms, and we particularly noticed that these troops were provided by them with food and drink and that their needs seemed of paramount importance. After that the German wounded in our train received attention, and sometimes the French prisoners; *never British.* On one occasion Dobson, who had on a pair of French soldiers' red trousers given him by the Brussels Hospital, managed to get two sandwiches for us, but when they found he was an "Engländer" they tried to get them away, and we could get no more. In this manner we arrived at Frankfurt at 1.30 A.M.

(45.)

Lieutenant Dobson, R.N.D.

Brussels—Frankfurt, November 30-December 2, 1914.

On the afternoon of the 30th, at about 2 P.M., we were warned that we were going, and at four o'clock, after a small meal of coffee and bread and butter, were moved downstairs. There were two French officers with us, Captain Besnard, 14th Territorial Infantry, and Adjutant Puche, 8th Chasseurs à pied. The only part of my uniform left was a British warm in which I had been wounded, and which was cut all the way up and pinned together. The rest of my costume consisted of a grey civilian cap, a pair of French soldiers' red trousers, and bedroom slippers. Thanks to the kindness of the Belgian ladies, I had an abundance of underclothing. My luggage consisted of two cardboard boxes and a bundle of underclothes wrapped in a towel. Captain Henderson travelled in a nightshirt and a blanket. All his uniform had been stolen or, as he was told, lost. We remained at the foot of the stairs of our building for about two hours waiting for the conveyances which were to take us to the station. It was a very cold evening, and Henderson's stretcher was placed outside the door for some time until he was so cold that he asked to be brought in. We eventually arrived at the station in company with several French and Belgian soldiers. Private Milne, Scots Guards, wounded in the leg, was also with us.

The train in which we were destined to travel consisted of a number of ordinary carriages for the German wounded, who were being taken to Germany, and two cattle trucks in which the prisoners were placed. As cattle trucks I suppose they were good, as the straw on the floor was clean and we were not overcrowded. The authorities seemed very anxious that the French officers should not travel with us, and I noticed on several occasions during the journey that German officers pretended friendly feeling to the French and spoke disparagingly of the English. We waited in Brussels station till after eight o'clock, being entertained during part of the time by a band which was playing just outside the station.

A German officer whom we had met in Brussels Hospital, where he was making some enquiries about an English relation of his, came into our truck to say good-bye. This, I think, impressed our guard, who treated us with respect during the whole journey. Just before the train started Henderson, who, of course, could not move, asked for a bed-bottle. Search was made throughout the train, which was supposed to be a hospital train solely for the conveyance of wounded, but without success. Eventually a very rusty bed-pan was found, which looked as if it had been on a scrap-heap for years, and was, so the Germans affirmed, the only utensil of that nature in the train.

We travelled very slowly all night, being constantly stopped. Our route was by Namur and Liège, and eventually, at about 10 A.M. on the 1st December, we arrived at

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Aix-la-Chapelle. After some delay we descended from our trucks and were given coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches. This was the first time we had been given food for eighteen hours.

We here changed our train and left the cattle trucks behind. Henderson and I shared a third-class carriage, he lying on the floor on a mattress. There were no cushions on the seats, and the journey was extremely uncomfortable. I had been in bed for two months practically continuously, only getting up to be dressed or change my quarters. I was too sore to sit down with any degree of comfort and too weak to stand up for long. To add to our sorrows, the heating apparatus went wrong. When I say went wrong, I mean that it worked only too well, developing an enormous heat, and could not be turned off. So hot did the wooden cushionless seats become that one could barely keep one's hand on it. Henderson, lying on his mattress between the seats, had the full benefit of it.

We travelled slowly along, and at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon passed through Düren. Through the kind services of the sentry in our carriage I bought some chocolate, but stupidly put it down on the seat, where it quickly melted.

The Rhine was eventually reached at Coblenz. This city will always live in my memory on account of my recollections of its women. These creatures, disguised as ministering angels by means of red crosses worn prominently on their arms, refused to us, the British, food. By an error, one of them, no doubt deceived by my red trousers, gave me a sandwich. However, she soon found out her mistake, and warned her fellows. Thanks to the soldiers who were guarding us, we eventually received some coffee and something to eat. Our guard was changed at this place, and before our sentry left he presented Henderson and myself with a picture postcard each of Coblenz. I kept mine until it was taken away from me at Constance. A slightly intoxicated soldier of the new guard insisted on travelling with us in our carriage. He was unpleasantly friendly, and we had to share a bottle of wine with him to keep him quiet.

(46.)

Lieutenant R. D. Middleditch, Yorkshire Regiment.

Courtrai—Münster, December 12-15 (about), 1914.

The next day at 6 A.M. I was bundled into a hospital train, before the Belgian doctor had arrived, with my leg still only in its temporary bandage. In the carriage I was in, in the train, there were a number of German wounded soldiers, also several wounded English and French soldiers, including one man in my own platoon. Most of the men were, however, able to walk.

I was laid in a bed, and I was civilly treated, both by the Red Cross orderlies and by the wounded German soldiers themselves. The food we were given on the train was also quite decent.

The actual journey lasted four days to Germany; we spent one night in Bruges Station and most of a day at Ghent. The night at Bruges was the most unpleasant I ever remember, as the carriage was full of cigar smoke, and most unbearably hot, nor could I move to open a window, and everyone else refused to do so.

When we arrived in Germany Red Cross nurses arrived at all the large stations and brought round food and cigarettes. They would not give anything to any English, though they did to the French. One of the German soldiers offered me, however, some of the things he had been given.

(47.)

Lieutenant Dennys, Somerset Light Infantry.

Le Quesnoy—Lille, December 19-20, 1914.

On the late evening of the 19th I was put in a cart and driven to another village, the name of which I do not know; here I changed into a motor ambulance and was driven to Lille. I lay in the ambulance at the side of the road for some hours, and was finally at about 10 A.M. driven to the main railway station.

The ambulance drew up at the entrance, and a German hospital nurse, who spoke English, came to the door and asked me if I could walk; I said I thought I could if it

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(5.)

No. 7659, *Private J. Prosser, Dorset Regiment.*

Bertry—Paderborn, August 1914.

I was put in a cattle truck. It was a covered truck. I lay down on the floor. I think there was some straw on the floor, but it was very thin and, I think, was dirty. It was not changed on the journey. We were very crowded. We were all British in the truck, but had two armed guards (Germans) with us. I cannot say how many were in the truck, but we were overcrowded and there was no room to move. We were all wounded in the truck. The sentries who were with us were standing up and all the rest were lying down. There was one oil lamp in the truck.

My comrade next to me asked for a drink. One of the sentries swore at us and called us English "Schweinerei." There was no water in the truck.

The first place where we stopped for any time was, I believe, Brussels. The civilians on the platform tried to give us food, but the German soldiers on the platform prevented this. The St. John Ambulance men who were at the station came into the trucks and dressed the wounds of those of us who were worst wounded. The German soldiers spat at us, not only at Brussels, but at every station at which we stopped.

I was a long time on the journey, I cannot say how long, but I think two or three days. I was in the cattle truck all the way to Paderborn. The guards were changed from time to time until we got to Germany, and then we had the same two men until we got to Paderborn Station. These two men treated all in our truck very well, and kept off the people who insulted us at the stations. They did not give us any food, but one of the guards gave some of us a cigar or two in the train. After the first guard was changed things were better, and when the train was moving they gave us water from their water-bottles.

There was no provision for a long time for getting rid of our urine, and we had to use boots or caps and empty them out when we could. Later a china urinal was brought into the truck, and was left there at the end of the journey. We were not allowed out to ease ourselves in any way. Men who wished to get rid of their excrement had to do it in their hats, or anything. One man with one leg had to do it on the floor, and there was no means of cleaning it up.

We had no food beyond what the French gave us until we reached Germany. At the first station over the frontier some German Red Cross people gave us coffee and bread and butter sandwiches (brownish-coloured bread). We had no more until we got to Paderborn. The doctor at the frontier station said he was surprised that we had nothing to eat, and sent us the food.

(6.)

No. 6590, *Private J. Dodd, Royal Irish Regiment.*

Mons—Sennelager, August 1914.

We went on by train, sixteen or seventeen in each horse-box. The Germans wrote "Engländer" outside in chalk, and at every station we were jeered at, especially some Scots in kilts, who were dragged out and insulted, called "Fräulein," and kicked. We had no food or water for two days.

(7.)

No. 529, *Private W. Arnold, Dorset Regiment.*

Le Cateau—Döberitz, August 1914.

From there we marched sixteen miles to the base, and there got into cattle trucks. We were treated like wild beasts, and shown at every station. The Scots were pulled out and called "Fräulein," and their kilts were lifted up.

We were refused water by a Red Cross nurse, but a sergeant managed to get some soapy water.

We went to Döberitz, and then were marched past the German barracks. A woman spat in my eye.

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(8.)

No. 8927, *Private C. Brash, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.*

Cambrai—Sennelager, August-September 1914.

On the 31st August we marched to Cambrai, about fifteen miles, and entrained from there for Sennelager about 9 A.M. on the 1st September after passing the night in the waiting rooms in the station. Each prisoner was given a 2 lb. loaf of very mouldy bread for the journey. It was very hard to eat. We were in closed cattle trucks with sliding doors. We could open the windows while the train was running, but we had to shut them at the stations because of the stones, &c., thrown in by the civil population.

At each station the train stopped to get food for the military guard, but we received no food. Our guard, however, gave us some water, though not as much as we wanted. At every station the guard kicked a lot of us out for the populace to see. The people spat in our faces and threw stones and 6-inch nails, &c., at us. The guard was changed several times, and most of them treated us harshly.

We saw some German Red Cross nurses: the only thing I remember about them is that some of them spat in our faces. In the evening of the 3rd September, 1914, we arrived at Sennelager, Old English Camp.

(9.)

No. 14018, *Private P. A. Massey, R.A.M.C.*

Cambrai—Wahn, September 1914.

Particularly badly treated on the train. Germans knocked and kicked the wounded, and if it had not been for the sentries they would have got nothing to eat. German Red Cross people on the train threatened R.A.M.C. men with revolvers if they attempted to help the wounded (all badly wounded cases). Two sentries, Black Brunswick Infantry, were very good to them.

(10.)

No. 8429, *Private J. Walsh, Cheshire Regiment.*

—Paderborn, September 1914.

On the 1st September I proceeded to Paderborn, Germany, and was four days in the train. We were taken by transport two or three miles to the station. I was not on a stretcher, and was able to sit up. They put us in ordinary carriages—six of us in my carriage. We were four days and four nights on the journey, and were without food until we reached within twenty kilometres of Paderborn, when we got a bowl of soup. We met a troop train coming up from the front, and we obtained from the men some of their black bread in exchange for cigarettes.

We received lots of insults on the way; stones and so on were thrown at the windows. At every station there was a crowd and no one was allowed to look out of the windows. We had not a guard until we were well into Germany. We had a medical officer and two of the Ambulance Corps to look after us. They were feeding their own wounded in the train, and when I asked the medical officer for food he only showed me a revolver.

(11.)

No. 8763, *Private J. Power, Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

Etreux—Hanover, September 1914.

He was four days and four nights on the journey in a horse truck.

Treatment.—Treated badly. German wounded men were in charge.

Food.—No food until fourth day. No drink. The German wounded had a bottle of water, but would not let them drink out of it. The fourth day they got dry bread. They saw a German officer at a station and complained, but nothing was

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done. After leaving this station the German wounded, angry at their attempts to complain, threatened them with revolvers. On the fourth day a German medical orderly came and took charge of them, and they got bread and water.

(12.)

No. 7484, *Private R. Haskett, Dorset Regiment.*

—Lübeck, September 1914.

September 13-16, 1914.—The journey took four days.

The wounded were put into horse-boxes: about fifty-six in one, forty-nine in the second, and about fifty in the third—all British.

Treatment.—Their wounds were not dressed during the journey. They stopped at stations, and were put into a siding, where people were allowed to come and spit upon them, throw bricks, &c.

Food.—They had nothing to eat for the first two days. At about three o'clock on the third day they were given soup. They were not attended to in any way, and no opportunity given to leave the train for any purpose.

(13.)

No. 10730, *Private T. Hughes, East Surrey Regiment.*

Le Cateau—Cologne, September 1914.

Although he said there was plenty of English khaki stored in the hospital at Le Cateau, he was sent away from there with only one blanket and a shirt (it was about the 4th or 5th September) to Cologne Hospital No. 7. The journey was made in cattle trucks, the wounded being placed in two tiers, the bottom tier being straw placed on the floor, and the top tier being made of planks with straw on the top. There were three sentries in the truck, who appeared to have acquired a considerable amount of loot. They behaved well, however, and for the most part went to sleep.

On the first day's journey at Namur he got half a bowl of soup, some cheese sandwiches, and some vegetable and barley soup with black bread. He complained greatly of hunger and cold. The next meal he got was at Cologne on Sunday, the 6th September. At 10 A.M. in the morning (Sunday) at the station he found long queues of people jeering and hooting.

(14.)

No. 9595, *Private R. T. White, 1st Northants.*

—Cologne, September 1914.

On the 16th September witness began journey to Köln by rail. Was put into cattle truck with one other Englishman, an officer (Lieutenant Turner, 2nd Connaught Rangers, badly wounded), and about a dozen wounded Germans.

The journey lasted four days. All the food the two Englishmen had was two loaves between them and one cup of coffee.

The German Red Cross people met the train at the different stations and gave the Germans soup, &c., but refused to give witness or Lieutenant Turner anything at all because they were English.

This was the reason given to witness.

Lieutenant Turner left the train before getting to Köln.

(15.)

No. 9398, *Rifleman J. Arthur, Rifle Brigade.*

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 1914.

From Cambrai I was taken to Döberitz about the 24th September, 1914, by train —a four days' journey. We were not well looked after, nothing but water, no food for two days; then we had soup, then we had later on a sausage sandwich, and nothing more until arrival at Döberitz.

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(16.)

No. 6369, *Private J. Cronin, 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

—Sennelager, September 1914.

Left next morning about 6 A.M. in same waggons to Fournières Railway Station, entrained at about 12 noon; started soon after. In train rest of that day and night and whole of following day, and on night of the 11th arrived at Sennelager (near Paderborn). No food or attention to wounds from time of leaving Catholic church. On arriving at Sennelager, soup was served, good thick soup, with potatoes in it. Whole of 12th spent at Sennelager. Complains that on walking from station to Sennelager Camp treatment of German guards very bad. In spite of wounded leg and difficulty in walking, was struck by guards with butts of rifles, and knocked down twice, causing wound in shoulder to bleed through bandage, and disarranged plaster of Paris. Red Cross people never gave any refreshment on journey to English wounded; only insulted them.

On the night of 12th entrained for Wesel. No food during day or before starting.

(17.)

No. 6713, *Private J. Wilson, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*

Mons—Sennelager, September 1914.

We finally got to Mons on the seventh night. We were put in the mill till 2 A.M., when we entrained in cattle trucks. About fifty men in each truck. I was touching the arms of the men on either side of me, and there would be about 2 inches between me and the men back and front. The floor of the truck was thick with horse manure. We had to take it in turns to sit down.

When the train stopped at a station we were allowed to go to the lavatory. Private Summers, of the Dublin Fusiliers, said to a German officer at the station at Mons: "Can I have something to clean the truck?" I heard the officer reply: "It's good enough for swine." We had neither food nor drink the first nor the second day. We were in the truck from 2 A.M. on the 5th September, 1914, till six o'clock on the 7th September, 1914, when we arrived at Sennelager. About 3 p.m. on the third day we were given a half bowl of soup. Every time a German troop train passed us the Germans threw things at us and struck with sticks at the head of any prisoner who might be looking through the bars of the truck.

On the second day, the 6th September, 1914, a beer bottle, black glass, with a patent stopper, was thrown from a German troop train into our truck. It struck one of the Dublin men on the head and made it bleed. A handkerchief was tied round his head to stop the blood.

(18.)

No. 10423, *Private W. Fletcher, 1st Gordon Highlanders.*

Cambrai—Cassel, September 1914.

Many of us were crammed together in a cattle truck, nothing to cover us, no overcoats; very cold. The guards would draw knives across our throats by way of threats, and constantly pushed us about. We had no food or water for the whole five days.

(19.)

No. 10084, *Private E. Allen, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment.*

Bertry—Duisburg, September 1914.

Was taken from the Bertry Hospital to the Duisburg Hospital, the journey occupying two days and two nights. Conveyed in ordinary train in a compartment like a luggage van. Very uncomfortable journey; no attendants or nurses, only the sentry. Shutters were closed on all windows, and "we could hardly see." None of the men wth me and others of the twenty-two in the train could get up from their

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beds or stretchers to do anything for themselves, and were left unaided during the whole of the journey till just before reaching Duisburg, when an English A.S.C. man was permitted to give some help. In our compartment we had no food or drink of any sort, except one piece of bread (about one-quarter of a loaf) given to us by an English nurse. This was divided amongst the eight of us.

In the same compartment with me was Private Gavern, R.A., who had his left arm amputated from the shoulder a few days before; also Private Lubbock or Lovitt, South Lancashire, very seriously wounded through the stomach. The latter was always groaning and in great pain.

We asked for food and water at every station, and were jeered at and spat at. Revolvers would be pointed at us at the doors. They would draw their fingers across their throats and curse us. They were all German soldiers who treated us in this way.

No German otherwise took the slightest notice of us during the whole journey or rendered us any aid or assistance whatever.

(20.)

No. 8326, *Private W. Blackwall, Middlesex Regiment.*

Mons—Döberitz, September 1914.

I was four days and three nights in train travelling from Mons to Döberitz. Döberitz is near Berlin.

The train was made up of ambulance cars for the German wounded, but we were put into closed cars of a very rough description, with glazed windows, and they were arranged with seats on either side. They put forty men into a car. This crowded us very much, so that we could hardly breathe, and they would not let us have the windows opened. There was a sentry with fixed bayonet on the outside at each end of the car. We were not interfered with on the journey. We stopped at many big stations. When we asked for water at these stations they asked who we were, and, on being told, called out to us " Engländer Schweinen " and refused to give us any. At Hanover a policeman broke a window by striking at a man with his sword (through the window), but luckily missed him.

We had only meal on the journey until we reached Döberitz. The meal consisted of hot boiled rice. We were allowed to get out of the train and go into a shed to eat this.

None of the men in my car who were wounded or invalids was attended to by the German Red Cross Society.

(21.)

No. 8197, *Private W. Fagan, Connaught Rangers.*

—Hanover, September 1914.

The railway journey lasted nearly two days. We were crowded in trucks which were dirty and insanitary. We had no food, except one sandwich given us by the French nurses when we started, till we got to Cologne, after we had travelled over twenty-four hours, when a sausage and piece of bread was given to each man. At stations where we stopped German soldiers used to come and jeer and call out " English swine."

(22.)

No. 9799, *Trooper T. Grassick, 4th Queen's Own Hussars.*

Mons—Bielefeld, September 1914.

From there I was moved to Bielefeld Hospital, about sixty kilometres from Berlin, a journey by train of four days and nights. The military guard till we crossed the border were decent, but after that the treatment was very bad. We had no food, and they often refused to get us water, and at the stations where we stopped opened the doors to show us to civilians, who threw stones at us and hit us with sticks. We were in simple cattle trucks, and were only allowed to get out twice during the journey.

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(23.)

No. 8612, *Corporal C. Petit, Norfolk Regiment.*

Mons—Sennelager, September 1914.

On the 6th September about sixty of us were driven to Mons in waggonettes, and properly treated by the officer in charge. We were taken to the railway station, where we were put in the waiting room, and here some officers took away all our property of value—money, watches, overcoats, &c. We were most roughly handled both by the military and nurses; few of us escaped being knocked about in some form or shape. Wounded and unwounded were then packed into a bullock truck. Except for some crusts flung at us by the nurses, we had no food. The train left at 2 A.M. on the 7th; at midnight on the 12th we reached Sennelager. During the five days each man received two pieces of bread, and pails of water were put in the truck; no other food. We were allowed out two or three times, but we were without any sanitary conveniences. We got no treatment whatever from the German Red Cross.

(24.)

No. 4773, *Sergeant R. James, South Lancashire Regiment.*

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 1914.

I left Cambrai about the 26th September, 1914, for Döberitz. This was the beginning of my unkind treatment. The train to convey us to Döberitz consisted of cattle trucks, and had been used for that purpose immediately prior to this occasion, and had not even been cleaned out after the cattle.

I and about thirty-two other prisoners, all of whom were wounded, were literally thrown into the trucks and harshly treated. We arrived at Döberitz on the 2nd October, 1914. The treatment on the railway journey was very bad. We had no food (merely a drink of water) given us until we arrived at Magdeburg on the morning of the 2nd October, when we got some coffee, white rolls, and sausage. The food here was plentiful. At the stations on the way we were subjected to insults by the soldiers and the civil population.

(25.)

No. 8929, *Private A. Crossley, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 1914.

We had to stay all the night in the waiting room at Cambrai; we only had a few biscuits and some coffee and bread given us by the Germans. There was one man at the station lying on my right with half his hip blown off; he got lockjaw while we were waiting, and he was taken off by the sentry. The next morning we went off in an ordinary train to Döberitz, and spent four days and three nights in the train. They were ordinary wooden carriages; no accommodation for wounded. The military guards took away the overcoats of such men as had got them, and they never gave them back. We were given nothing to eat or drink except what the French people flung to us until about eight o'clock that night, when we were given a big loaf of bread for eight. We were given nothing else by the Germans but one loaf each day for eight of us, and we had nothing else to drink but water put in the train in pitchers. The guards of the train tried to get us extra food. At one station the train was stopped for the prisoners to be medically examined. One of the prisoners' (Sergeant Williams) blood vessels burst in his legs; his legs were dressed, and he was put back in the train. One of the German Red Cross took my bandages off properly, and then the doctor gave the orders for all the wounded to get back into the carriages and have their wounds dressed as best they could. Corporal Cook, of the R.A.M.C., rebandaged my wounds; a comrade lent me a coat. We arrived at Döberitz about two or three in the morning; we were dragged out and had to drop on to the ground. German soldiers shoved us about and made us walk to the camp, three-quarters of a mile. One German sentry struck me with the butt of his rifle in the small of my back because I was not going fast enough. I could only just hobble along. The prisoners who were able were ordered to help those who could not get along. We had nothing to eat or drink until we got into the camp.

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At several stations at which we stopped in Germany the German Red Cross sisters came to the train and dressed the two wounded Frenchmen who were with us, but they always refused to dress the wounds of the English. Our wounds were not dressed from the time we left Cambrai until the day after we reached Döberitz. The sisters had the time and the dressings, but refused to attend to us. No doctors came to see us. When we got to Döberitz our wounds were in a dreadful state—inflamed and discharging and smelling bad.

(31.)

No. 6521, *Sadler F. Honey, R.F.A.*

Cambrai—Celle, September 1914.

On the 5th September all prisoners able to walk were marched, and I and others unable to walk were driven in a waggon (straw provided) to Cambrai, about fifteen miles away, where we entrained for Germany. Previous to entraining on the evening of the 5th, all the prisoners were given about half a pint of coffee (fair) and a cheese sandwich; this was the only meal given to us during the day. On entraining some of the prisoners were crowded into cattle trucks—about fifty prisoners in each truck. There were in all about 200 English and 200 French and Belgian prisoners. All the worst wounded, including myself, were put in third-class carriages. There were seven of us in my carriage and two German guards. We were travelling from the evening of the 5th September until 5 A.M. on the 9th September, without any food or drink of any description. On the 9th we arrived about 5 A.M. at the prisoners' camp at Celle-lager. During the aforesaid journey we asked our guards repeatedly for food and water, and they informed us we could have none. They were very abusive, calling us English "Schweinerei," and one of the guards knocked over a prisoner (belonging to the Dorsets) in my carriage for getting up to look out of the window. We stopped at many stations and in sidings. At every station where we stopped the local inhabitants crowded to the carriages and abused and spat at us, and threw refuse at us through the open windows. None of the prisoners during this journey received any medical attention whatever. I speak from personal experience as to myself and the other prisoners in my carriage, and from information given to me by other prisoners as to the remainder.

(32.)

No. 9714, *Private T. Macdonald, 1st Gordon Highlanders.*

Hal—Sennelager, September 1914.

When we got to Hal we entrained for Sennelager. I and some others travelled in third-class compartments, the rest in cattle trucks. The journey lasted about sixty hours, and we arrived at Sennelager about 5 P.M. on the 5th September. Until we reached Lippspringe, only about three hours short of Sennelager, we were not allowed to leave the compartment for any purpose whatever, and the filth was disgusting. We got no food or drink at all till we reached Lippspringe. Then we had some soup, but no water, and we were allowed to go to a latrine .

The military guard did us no harm, but German soldiers going to the front spat at us as they passed in their trains. We saw German men and women wearing the Red Cross, but had nothing to do with them, good or bad. Those of our prisoners who were wounded but able to march with us had to do so, and received no treatment at all for their wounds until they had been in Sennelager four days, *i.e.*, nearly ten days after they were captured, and their wounds were all festering.

(33.)

No. 5465. *Private W. Kimberley, Coldstream Guards.*

Maubeuge—Döberitz, September 1914.

We left by train at eight o'clock, travelling in a cattle truck—we had plenty of room. The journey lasted three days. We arrived at Döberitz on the 15th September. The journey was awful—we had no food. When we asked for water at places

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where we stopped, German soldiers on the stations threatened us with the butt ends of their rifles. Private Bond, of the Northamptons, was hit. At some of the places we got water. We had to relieve ourselves in the truck.

(34.)

No. 57, Private L. Daley, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Cambrai—Döberitz, September 1914.

After two days there (about the 12th September) we entrained for Döberitz, and arrived here about the 15th September. After we had been in the train for one day they turned us out and gave us some soup in a shed. The guard was very rough, and I saw one man's head split with ironstone thrown from the outside. He was not killed, but knocked down. The people continually threw things in and called us swine.

(35.)

No. 6648, Private C. H. Fussell, 1st Somerset Light Infantry.

Cambrai—Sennelager, September 1914.

On the 14th September I was ordered to Sennelager. About 200 wounded prisoners of war, consisting of French, Belgians, and British, were entrained, put into horse-boxes, closed, with straw on the floor. We got to Mons after about ten hours. Here German soldiers opened the doors, and were very abusive. One of them struck Private Oats, of the Somerset Light Infantry, who had his head bandaged up, and knocked him down for no reason whatever. German women came round and abused us and spat at us. We stayed here one hour. A German officer came round and we asked him if we might have a drink of water, and he refused, saying, " You came here to fight, and now we are going to punish you for it." Up to now we had had nothing to eat or drink. We were not allowed to get out of the train to ease ourselves, and no provision at all was made for this. The doors were closed again, and we proceeded on our journey for two days, arriving at Sennelager about 4 A.M. on the 18th September. The guards did not ill-treat us on the journey, but they refused to give us anything to eat or drink. The French and Belgians got what they wanted at the stations. There were four unwounded Frenchmen in our horse-box who got food and drink, but the guards would not let them give us any.

(36.)

No. 9526, Private R. Walker, Cameron Highlanders.

Laon—Sennelager, September 1914.

At about five o'clock we were put in a train; there were a lot of German wounded in it, but we were put separate in cattle trucks and packed very close, and started for Germany. We were travelling till the morning of the 18th; occasionally we got a drink of water, but it was not till the second day that we were given any food, and that consisted of some black bread and a drink of coffee.

If we put our heads out when the train stopped anywhere we were immediately pelted with stones and abused by the soldiers at the stations; the guards treated us all right. There were German Red Cross at every station, but they did nothing for us.

(37.)

No. 9249, Lance-Corporal J. Martin, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

—Paderborn, September 1914.

I was taken along with other prisoners to Paderborn, Sennelager, in Germany, having been taken through Belgium without stop. Until I reached German territory treatment was not too bad; once we crossed the frontier, if opportunity offered, we were subjected to insults and assaults, such as the civilian population spitting in at

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the prisoners in the railway carriages; the soldiers never hesitated to give us the butt of the rifle. If the wounded called for water or a drink, no notice was taken of them. They were packed into waggons without room to turn; men wounded in the stomach or back were just left lying.

There was one case in particular, I remember—a man called Sullivan, of the Munsters. He had his left (I think) hip blown away; they gave no assistance, and we had to take care of him as best we could, and if we were not quick enough for them even when helping such cases as these, they gave us the point of the bayonet or butt of the rifles.

I cannot now remember the names of any of the stations that we passed through, where these things happened. It took us two days on the railway. We were put into sidings to allow troops going to Belgium to pass; the same was done with us to allow German wounded to pass.

During those two days none of the men with me were given any food or drink. No medical man or nurse gave any attention to the wounded. As regards a call of nature, it was a case of when you can, and as you can, out of the carriage window or door, or even in the waggon itself.

At field dressing station, as I had bandaged my own leg, I was passed on—no other attention.

Cannot say length of journey.

We were conveyed in an ordinary cattle waggon.

I saw German Red Cross sisters at the stations, and at one of the stations (cannot remember the name) one of our chaps asked one of the sisters for a glass of water for one of the badly wounded, and she replied, " Engländer nie water or coffee." The chap who asked reported this to a German officer, who spoke English; he went and spoke to the nurse, and eventually a drop was got out of one of the cans.

(38.)

No. 4652, Sergeant R. Gilling, Scots Greys.

Mons—Osnabrück, September 1914.

On the 14th September I and three other men were removed to Mons Station by light railway, where also were collected from 350 to 400 other British wounded from various villages round about Mons. The moment we arrived at Mons we all were taken into the station, where two trainloads of German troops (cavalry) had just arrived. These troops were drawn up in two lines; we were made to march through the lines, and were subjected to gross insults and ill-treatment. Curses were hurled at us, the men spat on us and kicked us, we were struck with sabres and bayonets, and Germans were not particular as to whether flesh wounds were inflicted or not; men with walking sticks had these snatched from them and were beaten with them; very many men with crutches had these kicked from under their arms, and when patients fell the crutches were used to beat them with. During this episode German officers and N.C.O.'s were with their men, and they, far from discouraging their men, encouraged them, even to the extent of cursing us in German and English and in taking part in these cowardly assaults. The officers were not young officers, but I saw many captains. I knew their badges because I had a small pamphlet which had been issued to us, and which I had studied.

On conclusion of this parade we were marched into one large waiting room. There we were stripped and thoroughly searched. Every document, except our field service pay-books, were taken away, also all knives, razors, needles, pins—in fact, anything which in any way could serve as a weapon of offence. The whole of our money was forcibly stolen, and all our greatcoats were taken, except that of Company Sergeant-Major Thomas Denton, 2nd Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, who was very badly wounded in the leg, with bullets still in his leg, on which he had been kicked by a German, lacerating all the flesh on his calf. We spent the night in this waiting room without food, without covering, and were not permitted to leave the room for purposes of nature. Some 350 to 400 men were in this room, all windows and, of course, doors were shut, and we had barely standing room. At 4 A.M. on the 15th September a Feldwebel came in and shouted at us, and we realised he meant us to march out. This we did, and entered our train, where we were herded 55-65 men in each cattle truck—six in all. These trucks had evidently brought the cavalry we had met previous evening, as the floors were still covered with several feet of fresh horse-dung.

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I should have mentioned that there was one officer in the party, and on referring to the Army List I identify his name as Lieutenant W. A. Leishman, Dorset Regiment. He was badly wounded on the left upper arm, and the German officers and under-officers seemed to take a great delight in seizing him by the arm, giving him great agony each time; also he was singled out for especially bad treatment, I can only presume because he was an officer. Lieutenant Leishman was placed in a truck with the men.

The train passed through Brussels, and on arrival at Louvain the doors of cattle trucks were opened, and we were told by Feldwebels (one a Feldwebel-lieutenant) to look on the ruins of Louvain, and that that was what we should see on our return to England! On arrival at Cologne the truck doors were again thrown open, and the crowd of soldiers, civilians, women, and children amused themselves by throwing buckets of water over us. Any utensil which would hold water was eagerly seized; clean water, dirty water, and even urine was used, and the men wearing Scottish caps seemed to raise the ire of the crowd the most. All this took part in the main station of Cologne. At other stations *en route* we were subjected to the same treatment.

On arrival at Osnabrück, about 12 noon on the 17th September, after two days and two nights in the train with only a slice of black bread to eat and no water, a German Red Cross doctor (I cannot remember his name) visited us. He ordered the doors to be thrown wide open, saying that though we were prisoners of war we ought not to be treated like cattle. The stench in the truck was appalling, as for over forty-eight hours no one had been allowed to leave, and that, combined with the horse-manure, made the trucks almost unbearable. Here we were well treated, being given a meal of cocoa, rolls, and zwiebacks, and the wounds of all were dressed in the goods station, which had been prepared as a temporary hospital. We were all given straw mattresses to lie on.

(39.)

No. 1294, *Private J. Cairns, South Lancashire Regiment.*

Lille—Barman, October 1914.

Journey from Lille to Barmen.—This took two days, and the prisoners were only given a small piece of bread and some water. Informant had his clothes taken off, and was then hit. He was then given an old Belgian coat to put round his shoulders. A pair of old pants and this coat was all he had until he reached Düsseldorf.

(40.)

No. 6974, *Private T. Laughlin, South Lancashire Regiment.*

Gemappe—Wahn, October 1914.

Journey.—This took three days by train. The wounded prisoners were given no food during this time, only a drink of water. The German Red Cross did nothing for them at the stations. When they stopped at stations they were spat at by the Germans, and in some cases kicked.

(41.)

No. 9949, *Corporal Rogers, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.*

Menin—Münster, October 1914.

Journey from Belgium to Germany, thirty-nine hours. They got out at one station for a night, and the wounded men were put into a cellar measuring about 6 feet by 6 feet, with no window in it, and were given nothing to lie on. It was a filthy place. They had two overcoats as a covering for seven men.

Their food during this journey consisted of a cup of coffee, a piece of black bread, and a piece of fat bacon.

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(42.)

No. 9584, *Private J. Webb, Worcestershire Regiment.*

Lille—Minden, October 1914.

Journey to Minden.—After that I was taken to Minden, but the journey, which took three days and two nights. was very bad, and my wounds were not dressed. On the way some people came round with food, but when they saw we were English they slammed the door on us. There were about fifty of us in the truck, and nobody to do anything for us.

(43.)

No. 7350, *Private A. E. Brock, Cheshire Regiment.*

—Wahn, October 1914.

On the road to Germany I was badly treated. In the matter of food we were given one piece of bread, and a bucket of water was placed in the carriage and afterwards taken out again. Dirty slurs were thrown at us by the Germans. There were twenty-two of us in one horse truck.

(44.)

No. 4400, *Private G. Kavanagh, 4th Royal Irish Fusiliers.*

—Namur, October, 1914.

Journey to Namur.—The Red Cross soldiers were not at all good to the English in the train; they spat in their faces. The journey lasted a day and a night. There were also French wounded in the train, and at every station the train stopped, and Germans came in with cigarettes, coffee, and bread; they gave these to the French soldiers, and threatened them if they gave any to the English. Arrived at Namur about eight o'clock that night.

(45.)

No. 8878, *Private D. O'Brien, 19th Hussars.*

Döberitz, October 1914.

On the 10th October sent to Döberitz, five days' journey. Treatment could not have been worse. They spat in his face and called them swine. Had about a meal a day.

(46.)

No. 8488. *Lance-Corporal J. Sharp, Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

I was discharged on the 2nd October, and was taken to Wesel. I was in the train three days and two nights, and had to lie on the floor of a goods wagon with a scanty supply of straw. I suffered agonies on the journey. There were about twenty-two in the wagon. All the rest were French, and when we stopped and food was brought—fruit, bread and butter, and hot coffee—only very little was given to me. We had three sentinels and a German Red Cross man with us. They distributed the food and gave me the smallest share, and kept a large amount for themselves. The sentries abused me on the journey and called me an English swine, and the Red Cross man never tried to prevent them. The abuse continued at intervals throughout the journey. There was no convenience for relieving nature. I was helpless, and though I made them understand I wanted to pass water they refused to help me, and I was helped by a French prisoner, who was badly wounded. The whole of the journey I only received three thin sandwiches, about 4 inches by 3, half a pint of coffee, and half a pint of soup. I suffered terribly from thirst. I often asked for water, but could not get it.

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(47.)

No. 4018, *Private A. Mantle, Middlesex Regiment.*

Lille—Göttingen, October 1914.

We were taken away on the morning of the 26th. We were marched to the station and put into trucks.

The journey to Göttingen lasted about two days. We were crammed on the seats of the trucks. We had a little water with us, but we had no food until the second night, when we were given soup. We were jeered at at every station, but we were not treated in a particularly brutal manner.

(48.)

No. 4025, *Private S. Duggan, 9th Lancers.*

Lille—Güstrow, October 1914.

16th October entrained. Arrived German 20th October. Went in covered van —about forty (four English and four Belgian soldiers, rest French civilians). Able to sit and sometimes lie down. Total food on journey about 3 oz. black bread and two drinks of water. Four Prussian guards behaved decently.

(49.)

No. 7330, *Lance-Corporal J. Abbott, Dorset Regiment.*

Douai—Hameln.

We were packed in waggons, about sixty to a waggon, and travelled that night and next day; there was no room to lie down, or even for nearly all the men to sit down.

The first-aid dressings were taken out of our tunics, and no attention was paid to any slight wounds: they were not even dressed; the badly wounded were separated and taken away. This was at the coal-shed place.

After twenty-four hours in the train we got half a tub of soup. This was the first food we got. It did not come to more than about three mouthfuls each. We had nothing to eat it with, except some old sardine tins, broken bottles, and such like, which we picked up on the station. We arrived at Hameln in afternoon of the 24th. They gave us a slice of dry bread each day and occasionally a drop of water. There were two holes about 1 foot long and 6 inches high in each waggon—that was all the ventilation we had. During the journey when we stopped at stations the Germans would come in with revolvers and make us give up our overcoats. By the time we got to Hameln all the coats were taken from us. All the water we got was from Red Cross nurses occasionally. No water was ever served to us as a ration. One day we were calling out for water an English-speaking German, who was very affable, said of course we could have water, and got buckets of water, which he sluiced all over us in the waggon. I think this was very soon after we had crossed into Germany, but I cannot give the name of the station or the exact date.

(50.)

No. 7526, *Lance-Corporal D. Dixon, Gordon Highlanders.*

—Merseburg October 1914.

Sent by train to Merseburg. Journey took four days by train. Constantly insulted at stopping-places; called English swine and kicked and ill-treated by onlookers, but not by guard. Locked in the train. Food very bad and wholly insufficient—thin, watery soup and a little piece of bread once a day.

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(51.)

No. 5101, *Private J. Chase, Hants Regiment.*

Cambrai—Halberstadt, October 1914.

I left Cambrai on the 4th October at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a motor ambulance, for railway station, arriving there in half an hour's time. I was told that previous arrangements had to be cancelled, owing to German wounded coming through from Arras. I was transferred from the ambulance on to staw on the platform, and our overcoats were taken away to cover the enemy's wounded. I was kept waiting on the platform, under cover, until 8 P.M. the following day, the 5th October. About seven o'clock on the 4th the German Red Cross, after supplying their own wounded with soup, gave us some.

Whilst lying helpless on the platform the German slightly wounded insulted me by abuse, spitting at us, threatening us with bayonets, &c., the German officers not attempting to control their men. One German officer in particular drew a revolver from his pocket and said, " I would like to blow all you Englishmen's brains out; but when you get to Germany you'll be hanged." He swore and abused us in German.

At about eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th October, 1914, the Germans put me in a train consisting of covered trucks, with straw on the floor. I was lifted from the platform on a stretcher, held over the railway truck, and tipped in anyhow, and had to crawl and arrange myself as best I could. The train left at 10 P.M. for Halberstadt.

At every stopping-place on the journey we were liberally abused by the civilians on the platform, who also spat at us. The only food we received on the journey was one loaf of black bread (about 3 lbs.) between five men. This was thrown to us the day after I left, and no other food was supplied during the journey, which lasted five days. The German sentry in charge of the railway truck, however, filled my water-bottle at the various stopping-places, but I received no medical or nursing attention during the whole of the journey.

(52.)

No. 4994, *Able-bodied Seaman J. Muir, R.N.D.*

Termond—Döberitz, October 1914.

Whilst I was marching into Termond Station a German soldier, half mad with drink, held his sword over my head in a threatening manner, when a German officer called him off. At the same time I saw German soldiers hit English soldiers in their faces, leaving them with black eyes. In the train I was in a compartment arranged to hold about twelve men, but about twenty-five were crowded in. No room to sit down, and we were thus confined for about sixty hours. At a place called Hanover the Germans gave us some rice and water, which was the only food we had on the journey from Termond to Döberitz.

(53.)

No. 7358, *Private V. Howard, Scots Guards.*

Zonnebeke—Göttingen, October 1914.

The next morning we marched about a mile to the station, and then got on the train. We were packed close together in cattle pens. There was hardly room to sit down. The wounded men were at the back of the train, and I do not know how they were treated. We were three days and three nights in the train, and the only food we had during the journey was one piece of bread given to each of us on one day and a cup of soup. On the other days we had nothing to eat or drink, and were only allowed out of the train to go to the lavatory once on the whole journey. At all the stations that we stopped at the civilian crowd jeered and shouted at us, but did not actually strike us. I do not know whether the wounded men received any attention on the journey.

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(54.)

No. 4231, *Private J. O'Neill, Royal Irish Regiment.*

Douai—Hanover, October 1914.

After three days at Douai we were all put on the train again. We were beaten in the streets on the way to the station by the German soldiers.

We were put into horse waggons in batches of seventy-five, and were three days without seeing daylight and without food and water. No one even opened the door of the box the whole time. My wound was getting maggoty: it had only been dressed once, by the French sister.

(55.)

No. 7992, *Private R. Woodcock, Royal West Kent Regiment.*

Lille—Friedrichsfeld, October 1914.

On capture he was searched, and his money taken. He was kicked and ill-treated. He thinks his captors were of the XVI Infantry Regiment.

After a few days there were sent by rail to Friedrichsfeld a party of 35-40 English and one Frenchman. Some of them were wounded, one dying. They were put in a van, on the outside of which was chalked, " Engländer, Schweinerei," &c. The under-officer in charge of them had a whip, which he used freely. After the first day they were given a little food. At every station the crowd pressed forward, opened the doors of the van, insulted them, and threw things at them. For some reason (Woodcock did not know what) they were especially bitter against the Frenchman. At one station a young German Red Cross woman got into the van, asking for the " Franzose "; she spat in his face and hit him—Woodcock saw this.

They arrived at Friedrichsfeld after about three days' journey.

(56.)

No. 6683. *Private A. Beattie, Scots Guards.*

—Göttingen, October 1914.

They then marched us off to a small town in Belgium (a name something like Amicus), and we were put on to a car train running on rails, and were run into another town where there was a big station. We reached there about seven or eight o'clock (it was quite dark). Up to that point they had never offered food or water or enquired when we had had that last, but they gave us water to drink at that station and one slice of dry bread to eat. At this station we were transferred into another train standing by, which consisted of waggons and cattle trucks and luggage vans. I was put into a cattle truck, and, according to my recollection, there would be about thirty in this truck with me, and we had all to stand or lie down as best we could. We were terribly cramped for room. We then started on our journey, and travelled night and day until we reached the camp at Göttingen on the morning of Thursday, the 29th October. The military guard was stationed outside the truck somewhere, but he never came into the truck and never offered us any food or drink during the whole journey, and the only food we got was a slice of bread, which was supplied to us by the German Red Cross nurses, I think. A pail of soup was handed in at the same time, but it did not suffice for many. No soup came into our truck. Not a drop of water was supplied to us except at that station. When we arrived at Göttingen we were faint from want of food and drink and completely done up. There were no sanitary arrangements at all for us on the journey. If we asked anything at any station we got nothing in return but insolence.

(57.)

No. 7581, *Private H. Ripley, 1st Dorset Regiment.*

Douai—Münster, October 1914.

About the 29th October we were taken by train to Münster, Westphalia. We entrained in the evening in cattle trucks. There were seventy-three men in the truck

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with me, all British, so tightly packed that we could not sit down. The journey lasted about forty-eight hours. We were allowed out at one station to use the latrines, but that was the only occasion on which we were allowed to leave the truck for any purpose, and consequently the filth which accumulated in the truck became horrible. The French prisoners were only about thirty in a truck, and were given soup at one station, but the British were given none.

At the station where we were let out as stated above we were given skilly. We were very badly treated by the military guard, who prevented the civil population from giving us any food. We suffered very severely from thirst in the train, and never got any water except at the station where we were allowed to alight.

As we were entraining most of us were hit and kicked by the German soldiers. We were in the train about forty-eight hours, and arrived at Münster about sunset.

(58.)

No. 5925, *Private H. G. Drake, Suffolk Regiment.*

Mons—Hameln, October 1914.

We travelled by rail from Mons to Hameln on the Weser. It took three days. We were hooted and jeered at at Mons Station. We travelled in cattle trucks. At every station we were compelled to leave our seats and show ourselves. At one station one of the railway officials struck us with the butt end of a rifle. The food given us on the journey was black bread and a small piece of raw bacon, which I could not eat. We were treated much worse than the French. We also had water. What we ate was what had been given us by the Belgians before leaving Mons.

(59.)

No. 6902, *Private J. Scanlan, Leinster Regiment.*

Lille—Hanover, October 1914.

I was then taken to Verden a/Aller Hospital, near Hanover. The journey took, I think, four days and three nights by train. With two other Englishmen and some French and Belgians I was put into a horse truck. The straw in the truck was taken from under me and the other two Englishmen and given to the French and Belgians. I had to lie on the floor on the horse dung. During that journey at the various stopping-places German civilians came and jeered and spat at me. I could not even get a drop of water from the guard. The military guard on the train constantly pointed their bayonets at me, and at all the stopping-places called the civilians to come and see "Engländer, Schweine." The German Red Cross men did not interfere to stop this, although I asked them to. The French and Belgians were given plenty of food at every station—sandwiches, coffee, and chocolate. We British got nothing at all except some bits of chocolate that the French and Belgians passed on to us, and sometimes a drink of water. Once a German Red Cross sister tried to get to us to give us food, but she was pushed away by the military guard.

(60.)

No. 8726, *Lance-Corporal J. Southern, Cheshire Regiment.*

Douai—Münster, October 1914.

About the 29th October we were put in a train and packed in cattle trucks, about seventy, wounded and unwounded together, and proceeded to Münster I., where we arrived after travelling three days and three nights; we were not allowed any food or drink all the time; the train would stop every now and then, and they would show us water and say we were not to have any. I saw German Red Cross at every station we stopped, and when we asked them for water they would laugh at us. If we put our heads out of the windows the guards would lash at us with their bayonets.

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(61.)

No. 8421, *Private A. Harvey, South Staffordshire Regiment.*

—Friedrichsfeld, October 1914.

We arrived about 7 P.M. We had our own tinned rations from the carts on the way. Here I saw Private Blower, 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment, who was wounded in the mouth, go to the German Red Cross at the station to get his wound dressed, and the Red Cross woman spat in his face. We were put in cattle trucks and spent the night there. About sixteen or eighteen altogether, including two sergeants. We started off the morning of the 23rd October, and arrived at Friedrichsfeld on the 25th, early morning. We were very badly treated on the journey. Only a small bit of bread, no coffee, or water even, was given us during the whole time. If we asked for anything we were abused and refused. We were not allowed to get out once. About 1 A.M. on the 25th we detrained at Wesel and marched about three kilometres to Friedrichsfeld camp, Barrack No. 26.

(62.)

No. 6014, *Private J. Kirby, 2nd Welsh Regiment.*

—Hameln, October-November, 1914.

Capture.—Wounded, and picked up by the Germans near Ypres, on the 31st October, and taken to Hameln, which took four days. His arm being wounded, he could walk a bit. On the journey he was not treated at all well.

They travelled in cattle trucks, which were very dirty and very overcrowded, and Germans abused them at every station, sometimes even kicking them.

Food.—For the first day they had only a plate of soup. The second day a piece of chocolate, about two inches long. Brown bread, and nothing to drink with it.

(63.)

No. 2013, *Private Bailes, London Scottish.*

Lille—Hanover, November 1914.

German Red Cross.—On the way from Lille to Hanover a German Red Cross nurse was handing round biscuits and brown bread, and when she came to Bailes she handed it to him, but then caught sight of his khaki and took away the food, saying, " English, no."

The civilians were brutal to them on all possible occasions, spitting at them, &c.

(64.)

No. 6628, *Private G. Bell, Scots Guards.*

—Halberstadt, November 1914.

Journey to Halberstadt.—On straw in a closed truck. Coming through Belgium they very seldom had doors open, but civilians gave us food on arrival. There were some German wounded in the same train. No attention was paid to us. Convenience only brought round once in three days.

(65.)

No. 6707, *Private D. Barry, 2nd Royal Irish Regiment.*

—Münster, November 1914.

Journey (from Belgium to Münster). Sometime in November 1914.—Three men, all of whom had both legs broken, were put into a horse-box for three days and three nights.

Treatment.—Wounds were never dressed during journey, and witness emphati-

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cally asserts that three women and two men, members of the German Red Cross, came in and spat in their faces and refused to give them a drink of water. Civilians also used to spit in their faces. This happened twice and sometimes three or four times a day during the journey.

Food.—Was only given a piece of brown bread and coffee at morning and night.

(66.)

No. 15964, *Private T. G. Eaglefield, Grenadier Guards.*

Lille—Güstrow, November 1914.

Private Thomas George Eaglefield, No. 15964, 1st Grenadier Guards, of 164, Oak Street, Burton-on-Trent, states that he was taken prisoner at Ypres on the 31st October, 1914. He was unwounded. He left Lille the next day, being put into a van containing sixty men. There was no ventilation whatever, and nothing but a little dry bread was given them to eat. It was a terrible journey. The guards behaved fairly well, but people at the stations abused and spat at them.

The German Red Cross gave them nothing and took no notice of them whatever.

(67.)

No. 1147, *Private P. Connolly, Irish Guards.*

—Cassel, November 1914.

Taken to Holländische Strasse No. 111½, Cassel.

5.45 P.M., Wednesday, 4th November, 1914, to 9 A.M., Saturday, 7th November, 1914.

In a goods wagon all the way with sixteen others. Door locked and no guard in wagon. Lying on straw.

The guard looked in at the big stopping stations. Speaking for myself, I was treated fairly well.

At a few places the soldiers (not the guard) spat at us. A sentry at one station spat all over me and took my cap away. We were sometimes called "Schweinerei."

Wednesday.—At the first stop the Red Cross gave us coffee, black bread, and bacon.

Thursday.—Coffee and black bread.

Friday.—Bread and sausage sandwich, coffee, and meat soup. The Red Cross gave us this.

The food on Thursday was insufficient.

The Red Cross behaved very decently all the time I had anything to do with them. They did their best.

When I wanted to make water on the journey I had to do it against the door. I do not think that anyone wished to have a motion on the journey, but I do not know how they could have managed if they had. There was no accommodation for this at all, and we were not allowed out of the van. There was no water in the van, and there was nothing done for us at all except that at one station they removed two men to dress their wounds. The dressing was nearly off my wounds when I got to Cassel. When I got to Cassel I was taken to the hospital in a tramcar and was given a warm bath (shoulder bath), and my wounds were then dressed and I was put to bed.

(68.)

No. 5476, *Private J. Baines, Lincolnshire Regiment.*

Mons—Cassel, November 1914.

On the 16th November, though Dr. Dryburgh told the German medical staff that I was not fit to travel, removed to Cassel Reserve-Lazarett by ambulance train, reaching Cassel at 3 A.M. on the 19th November.

In our carriage (fitted up as an ambulance) the treatment of all the men was good, the orderly being a decent fellow.

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On leaving Mons I was given two large sandwiches, one of ham and one of cheese. Besides these I was only given a slice of black bread and a small mug of soup a day. At one station I was given a roll of white bread, and three comrades received a cup of cocoa. A German Red Cross nurse brought this, and was bringing some more cocoa for the others, but, on hearing that they were English, took it away again.

(69.)

No. 7635, *Corporal W. Egan, Royal Irish Regiment.*

—Cologne, November 1914.

When I left this camp I was taken to the Festungs-Lazarett Hospital, Cologne. I was three days in the train. I was sitting up the whole time. The Germans with us were lying on straw. I was badly treated on the journey, and had practically no food. We had a bowl of soup each after the second day, and this was the first food I had. There were two pieces of bread with the soup. The Germans had food at every station, which was given them by their nurses on the train. At each station we stopped at people were brought into the truck in which we were. We were all Germans except five, who were English. It was a sort of cattle truck, covered at the top, but open at the sides. The people who came to look at us drew knives across their throats and said " English swine." When we got to Cologne I asked for some coffee, which the Germans were having. The Red Cross nurse was giving it to me, but a Red Cross man on duty came and took it away. I then asked for the latrine. We had had no facilities for relieving ourselves on the truck, and had to do the best we could. The Germans had been allowed out at the stations we stopped at. I was taken to the latrine at Cologne by a German guard, and as I was coming back I met an officer and asked him if it was possible to get my wound dressed, as it had only been dressed once since I had been wounded. He asked me where I had been wounded. I told him La Bassée. He asked me what date, and I told him the 28th October. He shook his head and said, " Do you mean to tell me your wound has only been dressed once?" I said, " Yes, sir." Then he ordered me to a hospital at once, and I was driven to the hospital at once. He was a nice man.

(70.)

No. 1466, *Corporal E. Toon, R.A.M.C.*

Lille—Wittenberg, November 1914.

The following day they left for Giessen, a journey of about thirty-six hours, in cattle trucks. They received no food at all on the journey, and were given no consideration.

The journey from Giessen to Wittenberg was made in cattle trucks, and lasted about forty-eight hours. The cold was very intense, and there were neither blankets nor straw. At Cassel they had a good meal, which was the only time they had food in the forty-eight hours.

(71.)

No. 8072, *Private W. Massey, Royal West Surrey Regiment.*

Robaine—Güstrow, November 1914.

We left Robaine at four o'clock in the afternoon, and were marched to the station at Robaine, and there were escorts standing there who kicked our ankles as we went past to get into the trucks which were there for us. They put us into these trucks, which were cattle trucks, and had no straw or anything on the floors, and were very dirty and had no ventilation, and the wounded were put into these just the same.

For a day and a half we had no food, and no drink, except a mug of water which the Red Cross people gave us at one of the stations along the line, after we had been travelling about a day. The journey to Güstrow camp lasted three days. During

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